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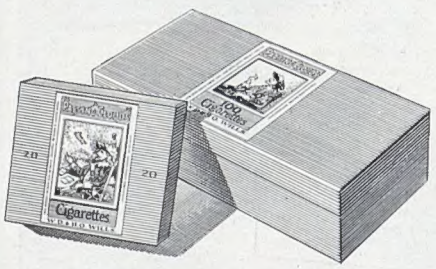

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Volume CCXXIII No. 2915 The SPHERE, London, December 24, 1955

The SPHERE
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THE LAUNCH OF A NEW CUNARD LINER—THE "CARINTHIA" IS TAKEN IN TOW ON THE CLYDE AFTER THE CEREMONY PERFORMED BY PRINCESS MARGARET: Bustling tugs cluster around the new Cunarder as they take her in tow after she had left the slipway. The 22,000-ton *Carinthia* was launched last week from John Brown's shipyards on Clydeside, and will take her place next June on the Cunard line's Canadian service. She is the third of four liners planned for this run.

The *Carinthia* launched by Princess Margaret is the sister-ship of the *Saxonia* and the *Ivernia*, already in commission on the Canadian service. The *Sylvania*, the last of the four liners in the series, is laid down in a neighbouring berth and will be launched next December. All four liners are part of the 90,000-ton building programme for the Canadian service begun four years ago by the Cunard Line. Like her sister-ships, the *Carinthia* has the same high superstructure and distinctive domed funnel designed to facilitate the dispersal of smoke and exhaust gases. Twin screws driven by steam turbines will give her a speed of approximately 20 knots, and it is estimated that she will carry nearly 900 passengers in two classes—154 in first-class and 714 in tourist class. Stabilisers have been fitted so that rolling will be reduced during the Atlantic crossings. There will also be space for general cargo and an insulated hold for perishable goods. The *Carinthia* will make her maiden voyage in June next year from Liverpool. Thereafter she will sail weekly to the St. Lawrence ports. (Further pictures of the launching appear on page 569.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A GIANT CHRISTMAS PUDDING

A GIFT FROM AUSTRALIA : The Lord Mayor of London, Alderman C. L. Ackroyd (on left), and the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Thomas White, shake hands over the pudding, which weighs 1½ cwts. and has a circumference of 6 ft. It had been presented to the Lord Mayor at a luncheon in London and will be distributed among 1,000 old people.

SINGAPORE'S LEADER IN LONDON

THE CHIEF MINISTER AT THE FEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES: Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore, talks with Sir Norman Kipping, the Director-General of the Federation of British Industries (on the left), at the F.B.I.'s offices. This was one of Mr. Marshall's engagements during his recent visit to London. His main purpose was to discuss self-government for the Colony.

A JOINT-BIRTHDAY FOR TOC H

THE FOUNDER AT THE CELEBRATIONS : The Rev. P. T. B. Clayton, C.H., M.C., holding his dog Chippie, arrives at the Assembly Rooms in St. Pancras Town Hall. On the left is Lord Colgrain and on the right the Bishop of Thetford. The occasion was the joint celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Toc H, and the seventieth birthday of Mr. Clayton.

YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM ?

There can be no better Christmas present than a subscription to THE SPHERE—*a reminder of your generosity every week in the year. A greetings card will be sent at your request to notify the recipient of the gift at Christmas-time. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number*, £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number*, £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*; £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*; £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage. For a smaller gift, the Christmas Number alone, with its many pages in full colour, can be sent for* 3*s.* 10*d. post free, anywhere. Orders may be placed at your usual newsagents or bookstall or* (*together with remittance*) *sent direct to the Publisher* (*Dept. SX*), 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2.

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Happy Christmas.—For three decades I have wished readers of THE SPHERE and "Newsletter" a Happy Christmas, and I hope and believe that more often than not for a big majority my wish has come true at 'tween-war Christmasses, war Christmasses and post-war Christmasses. Some have been luxurious, some austere. All since 1936 have been days of political anxiety when the Christmas message, "Peace on earth, goodwill among men," seemed harshly at variance with political facts. I have enjoyed seventy Christmasses, mostly in England, three or four in France or Flanders. I was born the year Gordon was killed at Khartoum, and enjoyed the last thirty years of the "hundred years of peace" after Waterloo. (That century, of course, had its "little wars" and troubles.) I remember the black Christmas of 1899 very clearly. If a happy Christmas depended only on good living, we have very little to complain of. Even in wartime, relaxations of controls spread a reasonable table. To-day we are better fed generally than ever before, and I felt a hypocrite (and said so) when I wrote to thank a surviving faithful friend who sent me one more Christmas hamper from Australia. I know now (which I did not fully realise in youth) that in those last thirty years of the long peace, discontent was seething at home and abroad. In those days we spent Christmas always in a lovely Sussex manor house, snugly and luxuriously. Severely-disciplined young housemaids lit and tended our bedroom fires and young footmen carried along endless passages brown cans of hot and cold water for our baths in shallow tubs before the fire. I expect they were beginning to seethe with discontent. Millions were living on the bread-line, there was exploitation of women and children in industry. There was labour in the fields on 17*s.* a week. Famine, pestilence, slavery and misery were the lot of millions on the world's face. The wars came, the bad old days were done away. How does it look now? We are better fed, better looked-after, better served with recreations and homes, almost everywhere in the world.

Happy ?—I often wonder if the sum of human happiness—that is, contentment with one's lot—is greater than in 1885. In the Holy Land this Christmas there is bitter fighting; death and hatred are abroad on the earth. And it cannot be said of much of the world's face that the peoples who walked in darkness have seen a great light. I should say that there are as many millions as ever living in fear, in despair, in misery, in slavery and in banishment as there were at any time since 1885 (unless in the 1940's). It is not a pretty picture of progress. There is something rather cynical in the sound of the Christmas messages and texts. Even those nations who enjoy record high standards of living are not prone to give thanks with expressions of "contentment with their lot." On the contrary, nations and individuals all clamour for a great deal more—a larger helping. It is possible that we all think more of the cakes and ale than of the means to earn and deserve them and of the joy that comes from earning them. How, gentle reader, does it look to you, as for the umpteenth time I wish you a Happy Christmas? What a pity it is we cannot repeat that Christmas truce in the trenches in 1914 and extend it beyond a day, a truce to nationalism, to hatred, to jealousy, suspicion and greed, and open our ears to hear the bells of the city of God ring out for the son of David who is born this night. But the world grows deafer as it grows older; as I do.

Earl Attlee.—Some people may ask whether Mr. Attlee, when laying down his crown to accept a coronet, has contradicted his lifelong principles. Is Clement shorter for that decision, the humorist may ask. Such a question was raised when Lloyd-George, who rose to fame in his obscure youth by damning dukes and earls rather indiscriminately and vitriolically, ended his career as a wealthy earl, and perpetuated in his own family the hereditary system and the privilege he had condemned in youth and condoned in power by broadcasting peerages on not-always-worthy recipients. When Mr. Attlee was Premier, he sought to restrict to a minimum hereditary honours. Now he has gone the way of Lloyd-George and swallowed the bait, but has compromised by rejecting a territorial designation. Well, what could he do? The reform of the House of Lords is as far off as ever. No party or section seems anxious to reform it, since the only way in which it could be usefully reformed is blocked. No section will get or give it back its twice-truncated powers. Obviously Mr. Attlee's wise counsel is needed still in the Houses of Parliament; without accepting an hereditary title he would be precluded from the Upper House, and he is apparently too tired to continue the struggle as a Commons Back Bencher like Sir Winston. Perhaps he had had enough of intrigues over the succession. So an hereditary title it must be. An earldom is common form for ex-Premiers. It is just possible to argue that the minor "insult"—a barony, the lowest patent necessary for qualification—might have been more in accordance with his principles. But the fact remains that even Labour peers set store by their grades in the peerage. Mr. Attlee will strengthen Labour in the Upper House, which is very desirable, and perhaps will furnish an opportunity to recruit *one* Socialist to the Order of the Garter.

Political Broadcast.—"Don't let 's be beastly" to the Ministers, "don't let 's be horrid" to politicians; but (hang it all!) whatever our trade, we hold down our jobs and earn our reputations on *results*, and we more or less assume that our clients will examine and approve those results before they show us marked consideration and respect. I felt these feelings when I listened to Dr. Hill's recent party-political broadcast. His voice matches his appearance, it is plump and cosy. He spoke in sweet reasonableness to fourth-form boys, as man to man, in words of one syllable. Well, he ought to shine in broadcasting, holding the position he does. But he didn't impress me. I share Mr. G. Schwartz's belief that the nation is getting as bored with Ministerial directives and pep talks as with Ministerial jargon and long, meaningless words and phrases, like "balanced economies," "integration," and such. Dr. Hill decided to call a spade a spade, but the ground was too hard, and blunted and broke his spade. "After all," we are not all fourth-form boys. Some of us have learned to think a bit, to judge generalities and statements of claim and propaganda on their merits, and there are certain matters that we regard as the business of Government, which we have very much at heart. We want the cost of living to stop rising every week, we want something done to peg the weekly demands by new millions of workers for higher wages; we want better relations with the East, and less wastage of our strategic reserves in fighting schoolchildren. In a word, we want (what does not seem a miracle) progress, and not retrogression. A few months ago we looked confidently (as a result of optimistic pep-talks) to find things better (and not very much worse) than when Sir Winston retired. And now we want deeds and results, and not words, long or short.

THE ESSEX REGIMENT'S BICENTENARY

A CEREMONY AT CHELMSFORD CATHEDRAL : Civic dignitaries are walking in procession to the Cathedral to attend a service to commemorate the bicentenary of the Essex Regiment. The 1st Battalion, now in Hong Kong, was represented by a party from the 4th (T.A.) Battalion. The Regiment was originally the 44th Foot and was given the title of the East Essex Regiment in 1782. Later, it was amalgamated with the 56th Foot and received its present title.

We Judge on Results.—We took note that the chief virtue of Clement Earl Attlee, hailed by a majority of his admirers in the Press and Parliament, was that this rare statesman put country before party. But we asked ourselves whether that virtue *should* be rare in statesmen. That perhaps is why we loathe political broadcasts and consider them a very bad advertisement for Cabinets and Parliament. As a house that has an inexpert cook stinks of cabbage and onions, so do all party political broadcasts stink of party, and we have the smell and suspect the cooks of being all-too-plain cooks. We dislike the smell, we dislike the notion that we need to have simple arithmetic and economics explained to us by professors, for we have been dealing with these sciences in simple form for many years and have ideas of our own of how to bring the sums out right, and even wonder whether it is not our turn to teach our Senators wisdom. "After all," we judge them on results, as

we judge our butchers and bakers and gardeners. We want some meat, some loaves, some cabbages from them. We are tired of being told that if we are patient and obedient and restrained, and implicitly obey their directives, we may one day get these things. That is why I suggest that the Government of the day should leave party-political broadcasts to the Opposition and get down to business—and results. On those we shall judge them.

Feather-bedding the Shareholder.—This autumn my day's mail has consisted very largely of long envelopes containing beautifully-printed reports, arguments, counter-arguments, resolutions, newsletters, progress reports, and so on, from directors and others interested in my welfare as a modest shareholder. This is a new experience. In old days, I was content with an annual report. And, although it is often pleasant to be deferred to and feather-bedded, this new form is not entirely welcome. I realise that if the storm of paper is raised for my advantage, it is also raised at my expense. The truth is, I don't know enough (and care less) about my business interests as a modest "proprietor" of shipping, mining and other big concerns, to try and comprehend their scientific development or their elaborate finance, and, in my ignorance, I do not feel justified in voting to replace existing directors with a few shareholders' nominees. I bought my smallholdings in this or that concern on the advice of my stockbroker via my bank; these investments have paid me a trifle every year more or less, as I expected, and short of urgent advice from the bank or stockbroker who recommended them to me, I feel no desire to make the time to study what those companies do and plan to do, or to replace existing boards whose members' names sound familiar with new names less familiar. In short, I wish my companies wouldn't waste *my* money on contacting me. I 'm not worth it. I 'm not opposed in principle to societies to protect poor, weak, inarticulate people, groaning under heavy burdens, although I don't believe very strongly in their power to lighten my load or break my chains. Could a body of supermen induce into this nation to-day, or into any form of our Government, a new spirit of austerity, a sense of urgency to economise in small and big matters, without which the vicious spiral of rising wages chasing rising prices must continue? I doubt it.

Paul Lamerie.—I woke up and took notice when I read that a single piece of plate by that famous eighteenth-century Huguenot silversmith Paul Lamerie fetched £7,800. It 's a lot of money. It reminded me that I, too, am the owner of half-a-dozen pieces by this master and a few more by Storr, in silver and silver-gilt; some glorious dishes, superbly chased and heavy to lift, a unique cruet with crystal bottles, some salt-cellars and table ornaments lovely to behold . . . the relics of succession and divides of younger sons through generations. Why not cash in on them, if the going is so good? Well, why not? There is no point in keeping lovely things one never uses, never sees. These works of art live in safe-deposit (burglars, please note!); they are never displayed, never used, never seen by connoisseur or beauty lover, for no museum or gallery knows of their existence. What point then in holding on to possession and being a dog in the manger? Respect for my ancestors who cherished and used them, the pleasant sensation of *owning* museum pieces? Hardly good enough reasons for hiding them in safe-deposit. And what couldn't one do with a thousand pounds or so? Ay, there 's the rub? At my age, what *could* I do with £1,000 or so? The Chancellor would clean up the lot. No other Butler will now take an interest in my few pieces of glorious plate.

A Word to Teen-age Girls.—Teen-age girls (what a phrase!) in the Midlands have developed a craze of having U.S. Army emblems tattooed on their legs. The *Sunday Express* says so, and it ought to know. I don't recommend it. If you are a Teddy-girl, and mean to go far in that profession, you are only giving the police an identification mark even better than a finger-print. If you are just an ordinary silly child, it doesn't follow that you will end up as an American citizen. Your English suitors may dislike it. Girls legs are not always pretty, and tattooing them is calling attention to them, as a large, false diamond or ruby ring calls attention to dirty, ugly hands. Your great-aunts didn't do these things, but had much more justification for doing them, because in their day the secrets of the bathroom *were* secrets. They washed in private, and in public bathed in serge drawers off-shore. You girls do not. You lie almost naked on the beaches, turning yourselves into lobsters, and I don't think that crude tattoos improve the sun's work on your legs or are likely to encourage native suitors if the Americans love and fly away.

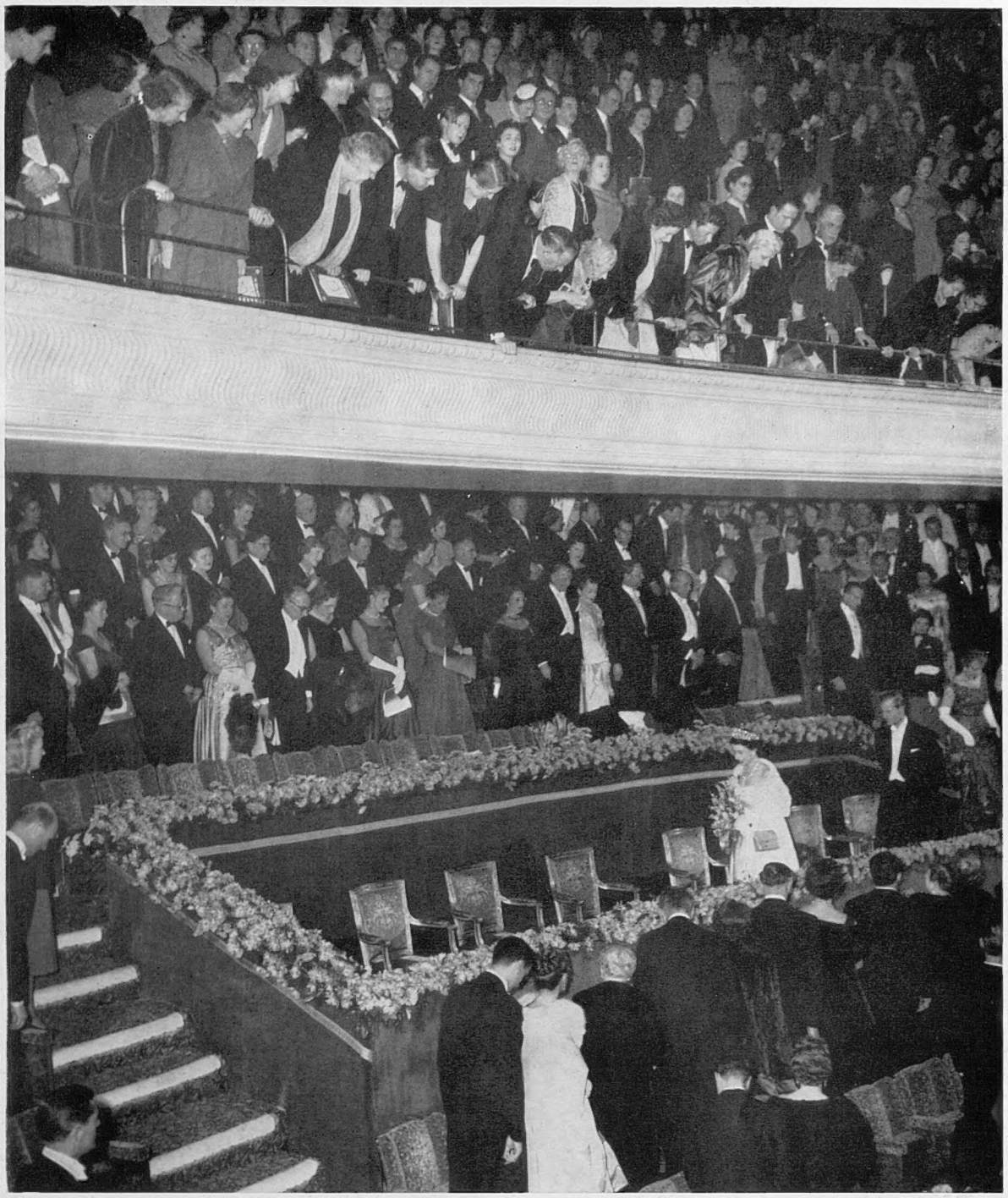
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CROSSING LONDON'S RIVER

A Survey by L. M. BATES of cross-Thames Tunnels and Ferries from London Bridge to Gravesend

THE QUEEN AT A FILM PREMIERE



HER MAJESTY ARRIVES FOR THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "RICHARD III": At the Leicester Square Cinema, in London, the audience in the front row of the balcony lean to see the Queen as she enters to take her place at the premiere of the film of Shakespeare's play. Behind her is the Duke of Edinburgh. The film is produced and directed by Sir Laurence Olivier, who also plays the part of the King. Shakespeare's interpretation gives no scope to those moderns who would whitewash Richard and portray him as a misunderstood benevolent despot. Sir Laurence presents him as the deep-dyed villain Shakespeare intended. In the cast are also Sir Cedric Hardwicke (as Edward IV); Sir Ralph Richardson (Buckingham); Sir John Gielgud (Clarence); Alec Clunes (Hastings); Claire Bloom (Lady Anne); and Mary Kerridge (Queen Elizabeth). The film is in Vista-vision and Technicolor, and the music has been composed by Sir William Walton. The whole production is a worthy successor to Sir Laurence Olivier's previous triumphs in making films of Shakespeare—*Henry V* and *Hamlet*. In the audience at the premiere were Mr. Attlee and his successor, Mr. Gaitskell.

PRODUCER, DIRECTOR AND STAR: Sir Laurence Olivier enters the cinema with Lady Olivier. Proceeds from the premiere of *Richard III* were given to the King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses.

GREETING THE QUEEN: Her Majesty is greeted by Sir Laurence at the entrance of the cinema. A crowd of 1,000 cheered her arrival at the theatre, and a number of film personalities were presented to her before the performance.

CHRISTMAS FARE

Pantomimes and Other Aspects of the Festive Season at Home and Abroad

LONDON'S ONLY PANTOMIME IN A WEST END THEATRE : In the Ballroom scene in *Cinderella*, at the Palace Theatre, are three of the principals. On the left centre of the stage they are, left to right, Jean Telfer (Prince Charming) ; David Nixon (Buttons) and Paula Marshall (Dandini). The other large-scale pantomimes in London are once again on ice.

THE UGLY SISTERS : These comedy parts in *Cinderella*, at the Palace Theatre, are played by Fred Desmond, on the left, who is Lizzie, and Jack Marks (Dizzie).

BRITISH GIRLS IN A BALLET IN ITALY : Joyce Graeme (left), of Greenwich, and Brenda Hamley, of Purley, are the Ugly Sisters in Prokofieff's *Cinderella*, at the La Scala theatre in Milan.

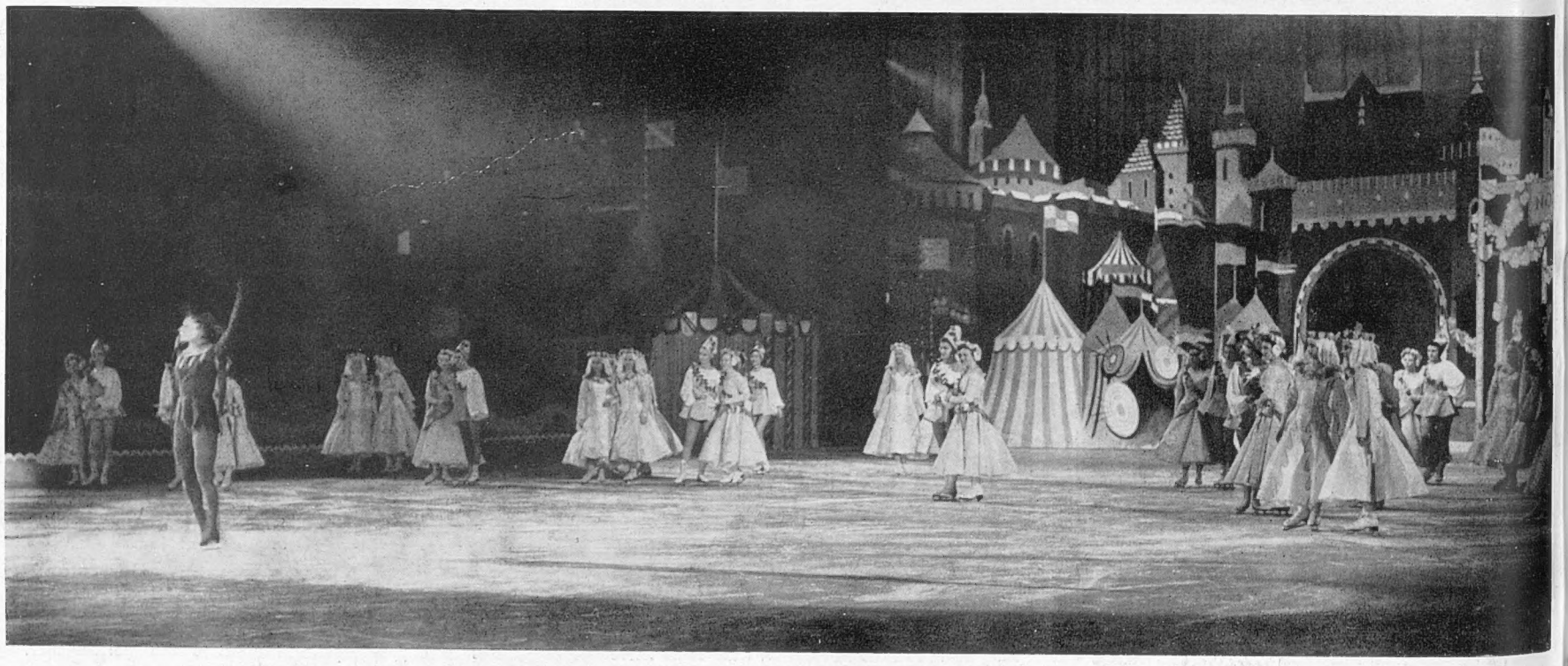
A CHRISTMAS PLAY AT LONDON'S ARTS THEATRE : Roderick Cook as the Gale Bird takes a flying leap in *Listen to the Wind*, a musical play by Angela Jeans and Vivian Ellis.

On left—

A FILM OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" : Lisa Barnett, of Shoreham, has the title-role, and Michael Segal is the White Rabbit in the film which has been made at Alexandra Palace. It will be shown in the B.B.C.'s children's TV programme on January 1.

Below—

PANTOMIME ON ICE : The opening scene of *Babes in the Wood*, which is being presented on ice at the Empire Pool in Wembley. Another pantomime on ice which is being given in London is at the Empress Hall, Earls Court. It is *Dick Whittington*.



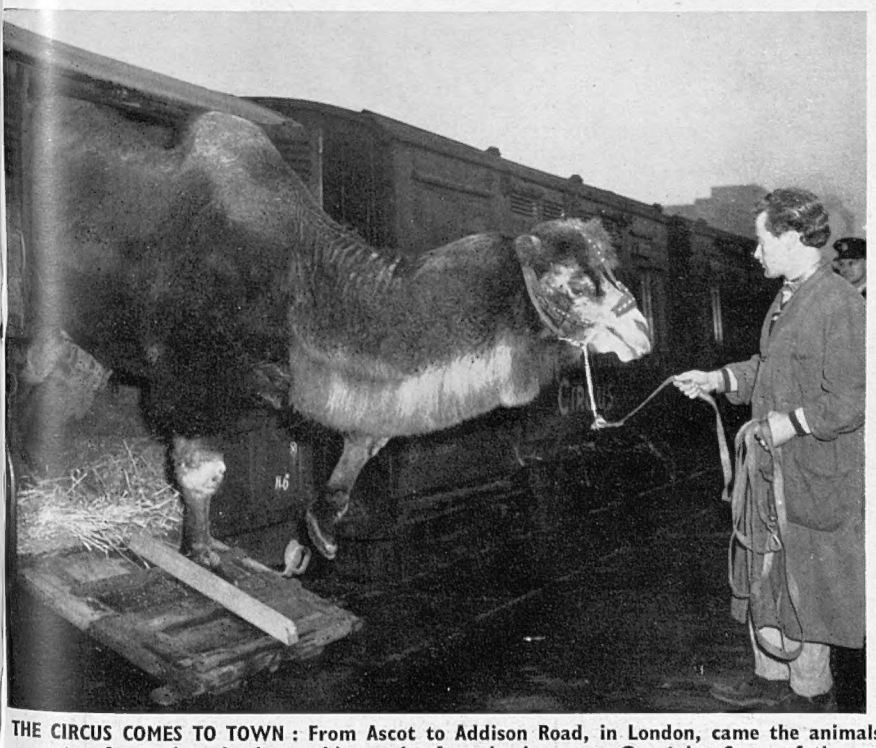
EAST BERLIN'S CHRISTMAS MARKET: *Above*—Father Christmas and his faithful servant are erected in front of the Brandenburg Gate. *Below*—The funny man who looks like a beggar with his outstretched hat may be symbolic of East Germany.

FIVERS FOR THE ANNUAL SHARE-OUT: The Rev. Wallis Hayward, President of the Broadway Congregational Friendly and Thrift Societies, supervises at his Hammersmith Church Hall the arrangements for making up packets for the Christmas share-out. This year over £145,000 is being distributed to 16,130 people in amounts from 5s. to £25 10s.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT TRIUMPHS OVER COMMUNIST DOCTRINE: A section of the Christmas market, with its traditional Gingerbread House, which has been set up in the former pleasure gardens of East Berlin's Marx-Engels Platz. In the background is the shell of the heavily damaged Berlin Cathedral. The Communist authorities in East Berlin have taken advantage of Christmas once again to direct a propaganda campaign at the citizens of the Western Sector. Situated on the East-West border, the market is stocked with goods of a quality never normally seen in Soviet Zone shops. The long queues of East Berliners, and the strict identity-card check which accompanies every purchase, rather give this annual propaganda game away.

On left—

PROTECTION FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER: An armed guard, complete with an Alsatian and bright lamps, is mounted at a turkey farm in Fullerton, near Andover, Hampshire. Farmers have been warned to take these precautions against marauders, though the weapons were to be used only to scare off potential thieves.



THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN: From Ascot to Addison Road, in London, came the animals from the Bertram Mills Circus last week. *On left*—The camel Whippy takes a gingerly step forward as he leaves his truck after the journey. *On right*—Some of the ponies and horses are led away to Olympia, where once again the famous circus is entertaining Londoners this year. Among the specialities is a troupe of twenty-six midgets from Europe who are making their first appearance in the circus since 1926.

THE NEWLY-ELECTED LEADER ARRIVES AT TRANSPORT HOUSE : Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell at the Labour Party's headquarters in London after the Parliamentary Labour Party had elected him to be leader of the Party. Mr. Gaitskell obtained a clear majority, polling 157 votes as against Mr. Bevan's seventy and Mr. Morrison's forty.

LABOUR'S NEW LEADER

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell is Elected Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party by an Overwhelming Majority

At the age of forty-nine, and with only ten years' experience as a Member of Parliament, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell was last week elected leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party and thus leader of the Labour movement as a whole. By an overwhelming majority his colleagues in the House chose him to succeed Mr. Attlee. Mr. Gaitskell, until his election to represent South Leeds in 1945, enjoyed an orthodox career shared by many members on both sides of the House of Commons. He was educated at the Dragon School, Oxford, Winchester, and New College, Oxford. Until the outbreak of war he was a Reader in Political Economy at London University, having lectured for the Workers' Education Association and unsuccessfully fought Chatham as Labour candidate. When war broke out he became a senior Civil Servant, and came under the ægis of Dr. Dalton at the Ministry of Economic Warfare and the Board of Trade. Once in Parliament after the war he quickly made his mark, becoming Minister of Fuel and Power, Minister of State for Economic Affairs, and finally Chancellor of the Exchequer in successive Labour Governments.

IN THE CHAIR—MR. GAITSKELL ADDRESSES THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME AS LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY : Sitting in the chair vacated earlier in the month by Mr. Attlee, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell addresses radio and television audiences from Transport House. On his right sits Mr. Morgan Phillips, General Secretary of the Labour Party. On his left is Mrs. Gaitskell ; they were married in 1937, and have two daughters. The new Labour leader did not enter the House of Commons until 1945.

Above and *on left*—ETERNAL CHEERFULNESS IS THE PRICE OF FAME : Both outside Transport House and within, Mr. Gaitskell is the target of cameramen from the world's Press on the day of his election as leader of the Labour Party. At forty-nine he becomes prospective Prime Minister.

THE DEFEATED CANDIDATE : Mr. Herbert Morrison and his wife are seen before it had been announced that Mr. Morrison had come at the bottom of the poll. He later resigned his position as deputy leader of the party.

NEW BUILDINGS AT LONDON AIRPORT

They were Inaugurated at Heath Row Terminal by the Queen Last Week

London's Airport, at Heath Row, to the west of the metropolis, can claim to be one of the busiest in the world. Over thirty airlines operate from there. Idlewild, in New York, operates only nineteen, and next on the list is Rome, with sixteen airlines. Heath Row is also one of the largest air terminals in size. Some of the new buildings were completed and in use earlier this year, but it was not until last week that they were all inaugurated by the Queen.

There are three main buildings : the Control Tower, the Passenger Handling Building and the South-East Apex Building. This last is the most recently completed and pictures of it are on this page.

For the technically-minded the Control Tower is probably the most interesting. It is 127 ft. high, with a radar scanner on top. In a glass penthouse on the roof are observers controlling all vehicles on the ground (not only aircraft). On the floor below them is the Approach Room, dealing with aircraft in the sky and equipped with some of the most up-to-date instruments in the world.

However, the ordinary passenger finds much to please him in the two other buildings. The Passenger Handling Building, as its name implies, is largely concerned with the arrival and departure of travellers. Here are the Customs halls and the Main Concourse, which contains shops, airline counters and post and cable offices. It also has lounges, waiting rooms and buffets. But there are more amenities in the South-East Apex Building. Its grillroom, which can accommodate 190 persons, offers the semi-privacy of tables in alcoves, or meals can be eaten behind a long, bow-fronted window with a magnificent view of the airport outside. Also in this Building are the briefing rooms for the crews and the offices providing navigational and meteorological information. The official inauguration at Heath Row by the Queen was the fulfilment of planning begun ten years ago.

THE ROOF GARDEN AT LONDON AIRPORT : It is above the South-East Apex Building and was seen by the Queen when she inaugurated the terminal buildings at London Airport last week. Behind is the Control Tower. *On left*—The Queen speaks at the inauguration ceremony. On the platform with her are the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation.

A BOW FRONTAGE : The grillroom occupies a sweeping bow frontage of the South-East Apex Building. Diners are able to sit at tables by the window and have a wide view of the airport and the sky above it.

A PLATFORM FOR SPECTATORS : From this structure, which is not unlike a ship's bridge, the public will be able to watch the arrival and departure of aircraft. London Airport, which has cost about £21,000,000, is one of the busiest in the world.

"I LIKE HER STYLE": The critical yet admiring gaze of a girl watching Princess Anne walk past with Prince Charles was captured by Charles Ley, *Daily Mirror*.

"AN HISTORIC OCCASION": Sir Winston Churchill opens the door of the car outside 10, Downing Street for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who had dined with him on the eve of his retirement as Prime Minister. This picture, by R. Speller, Fox Photos, received the first award in the competition's Royal category.

"LUCKY ESCAPE": During the demonstration of a sea-rescue operation off Thorney Island, an R.A.F. helicopter made a real-life crash-landing next to one of the rescue launches. This picture, by David Johnson, *Daily Sketch*, is in the portfolio which earned him the title of Press Photographer of the Year.

"THE TOMB": Another picture from David Johnson's portfolio, showing the South Goodwin lightship on her side after she had broken her moorings in a storm last year and been driven on the notorious sands; seven men lost their lives. The hundred best Press pictures will be exhibited throughout Great Britain.

PRESS PICTURES OF THE YEAR

Some of the Prize-Winning Photographs in the Competition Organised by the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and Institute of British Photographers

For the past eight years the directors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in collaboration with the Institute of British Photographers, have collected together the best British Press Pictures of the Year. A panel of newspaper and photographic experts judge the entries, which this year amounted to 2,134 pictures from 270 Press photographers. The entrants came from such widely differing centres as Perth and Plymouth, Pontypridd and Putney, Melbourne, Australia, and Kingston, Jamaica. The competition was split into seven sections: Portfolio, News, Royal, Sport, Feature, Sequence and Colour, and the hundred best black-and-white photographs, including all the prize-winning entries, will be exhibited in centres throughout Great Britain in the ensuing year. Only a small selection of photographs can be reproduced on these pages, though a number of them were originally printed in THE SPHERE when they were first taken. What variety there is! Here, in the same exhibition, are the Royal Family and a gipsy family; the gay scene when a circus horse celebrates its birthday, and the more serious touching moment when a little girl hugs the doll she cannot see. It is some measure of the photographer's skill that these last two contrasting subjects were both included in the portfolio which won for David Johnson the coveted title of Press Photographer of the Year.

"SETTING THE PACE": This picture of the Duke of Edinburgh and his children in Scotland is by Alex C. Cowper, of Perth. It won the second award in the Royal category.

"SILVER'S TWENTY-FIRST": June Gilbert with her pony Silver at its twenty-first birthday party. This comes from the winning portfolio by David Johnson, *Daily Sketch*, who received the new Hector McNeil Trophy for the British Press Photographer of the Year, as well as a "replica" in the form of an engraved silver ash-tray and 100 guineas.

On right—

"COOLING OFF": A refreshing summer picture by F. W. Reed, *Daily Mirror*, which was part of the photographer's portfolio awarded second prize in that category.

"THE PAJAMA GAME": This picture from the American musical now in London shows the picnic scene, with Elizabeth Seal and Johnny Greenland and Ivor Meggido as the dancers. This picture is copied from a colour transparency by Roger Wood, who won the first award in the Colour category.

PRESS PICTURES OF THE YEAR

(Continued)

On left—

"SICK CHIMPS": Rudy and Sunny, two baby chimpanzees, are photographed by Frank Charman, *Sunday Pictorial*, when they were suffering from pneumonia. They are seen being treated by a continual friar's balsam steam kettle.

"DOES IT HURT?": The little girl almost braces herself for the pain as a dressing is applied to an injured dog. This picture is another from F. W. Reed's portfolio.

"ECSTASY BY TOUCH": David Johnson's picture of the little blind girl, Hazel, hugging closely to her body the big doll which she had selected at a children's party.

"SO TIRED": This picture was brought back by David Johnson from Princess Margaret's tour of the Caribbean. The long wait for the Princess proved tiring.

TWO SPORTS PICTURES OF THE YEAR: *On left*—"Racing to Victory," from F. W. Reed's portfolio, shows Lester Piggott, on the right, urging his horse, Fisher's Tale, to victory. *On right*—"The Danny Kaye of Wimbledon," by Reg Burkett, Keystone Press Agency, shows the Austrian tennis player Huber.

POSES WHICH ARE NOT: *On left*—"Horse Laugh," by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency. Sweet William, owned by the show jumper Miss Susan Whitehead, welcomes visitors to his stable. *Centre*—"Fawn in Flight," David Johnson's picture from an ice show. *On right*—"Happy Chancellor." Robert Turner, P.A.-Reuter Photos, catches Mr. Butler in his now well-known carefree pose in Downing Street.

"ROYAL INSPECTION": Another picture from David Johnson's varied portfolio. At a hospital, Gillian Cox, aged nineteen months, shows Princess Margaret the cut on her tongue.

"GIPSY CHRISTENING": One of the pictures which won for George M. Greenwell, *Daily Mirror*, the first award in the Feature category of the British Press Pictures of the Year Competition. The prizewinners received their *Encyclopædia Britannica* awards from Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India.

THE WORLD IN FOCUS

A Pictorial Survey of the Foreign News

On left—

ROUND-TABLE TALK IN BONN: At the head of this immense oval table, in the conference hall of the newly-built West German Foreign Office in Bonn, sits Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, the Federal Foreign Minister. Around the table are the West German Ambassadors, Consuls-General and Chargés-d'Affaires to twenty-four countries, who had been recalled to Bonn to receive instructions on the official diplomatic policy which has been developed since Dr. Adenauer's visit to Moscow. One of the most important instructions given to the heads of missions during their two days of talks in the Federal capital was to emphasise to the Governments of the countries to which they were accredited that West Germany would break off diplomatic relations with any country that recognised East Germany. This edict does not apply to Soviet Russia. Many of the heads of missions reported to the West German Foreign Minister on the chances of keeping solid an international front against East Germany. One of the earliest tests is likely to be in Egypt, where the exchange of trade missions with the East German Government is imminent. Not all members of Dr. Adenauer's Coalition Government are believed to be in entire agreement with the instructions given to the diplomats.

AFTER THE ISRAELI RETALIATION RAID ON THE SYRIANS—THE SMILE OF TRIUMPH: Israeli troops, flushed with their success against a Syrian outpost north-east of Lake Tiberias (the Sea of Galilee) examine copies of Arab newspapers found in the Syrian positions. Israeli sources claim that fifty-five Syrians were killed and twenty-nine taken prisoners. About 300 troops are said to have taken part in the raid along a ten-mile strip of the Syrian border. The attack was carried out in reprisal for Syrian "hostility."

THE SULLEN FACES OF DEFEAT: Some of the Syrian troops captured in the Israeli raid are seen under guard at a prisoner-of-war camp in Israel. A British Foreign Office spokesman said that the attack appeared to be unprovoked, without even justification for reprisal action.

ROUND-TABLE TALK IN WASHINGTON: Members of the diplomatic corps and other distinguished guests sit around the impressive horse-shoe table in Anderson House, Washington, during the formal State banquet given by the American Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, in honour of the President of Uruguay, Senor Batlle Berres, and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Dulles and the Uruguayan visitors sit at the head of the table. Anderson House is a mansion owned by the Military Order of the Sons of Cincinnati. It is used by the United States Government for entertaining distinguished guests. During his visit to the United States President Berres addressed politicians and journalists in Washington on trade discrimination against Uruguay in America.

THE MAN WHO UPSET THE DEAL : Dr. Tingfu Tsiang, the Nationalist Chinese delegate to the Security Council, used his Government's right of veto to exclude Outer Mongolia from the United Nations.

THE "PACKAGE DEAL" THAT FAILED TO COME OFF : The representatives of Russia, Britain and the United States at the United Nations Security Council in New York when the first "package deal" designed to admit eighteen new members to the United Nations was made. When this failed, a new motion involving sixteen nations was passed. Mr. Sobolev is speaking, and Sir Pierson Dixon and Mr. Anthony Nutting (centre) and Mr. Lodge (right) are among those listening.

Sixteen countries were last week admitted as new members of the United Nations. In order to meet the claims of East and West a "package deal" was agreed, under which eighteen nations, thirteen from the "free world" and five Soviet satellites, were to be admitted to the United Nations *en bloc*. As had been feared, however, this was sabotaged by Nationalist China who, exercising its 1945 right of veto, excluded Outer Mongolia from the deal. Mr. Sobolev, feeling that he had been betrayed by the West, promptly vetoed all their thirteen candidates. Then cooler heads prevailed, and another compromise, involving a slightly smaller package, was proposed by Russia. Outer Mongolia from the Russian camp and Japan from the other were, for the time being, excluded from the deal, and the remaining sixteen countries were elected new members. These events have made it clear that the days of Chiang Kai-shek's representation in the United Nations must now draw to a close, and that Soviet Russia is unwilling to incur universal displeasure by over-hasty veto action.

A FAREWELL TO FATHER HUDDLESTON IN JOHANNESBURG : The champion of Africans and coloured people in South Africa receives a farewell gift from the blind musician Adam Daniels. This gift was presented to Father Trevor Huddleston at a farewell concert in his honour. Father Huddleston has been called from his work in Johannesburg by the head of the Community of the Resurrection to take up a senior post in Britain.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF EXPERIENCE : Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, of the United States, and Mr. Anthony Nutting, Britain, in conference during a disarmament debate in New York.

EAGER TO JOIN IN : Representatives of three of the nations awaiting admittance to the U.N. From left, Senor Erice, Spain ; Herr Waldheim, Austria ; and Mr. Kase, Japan.

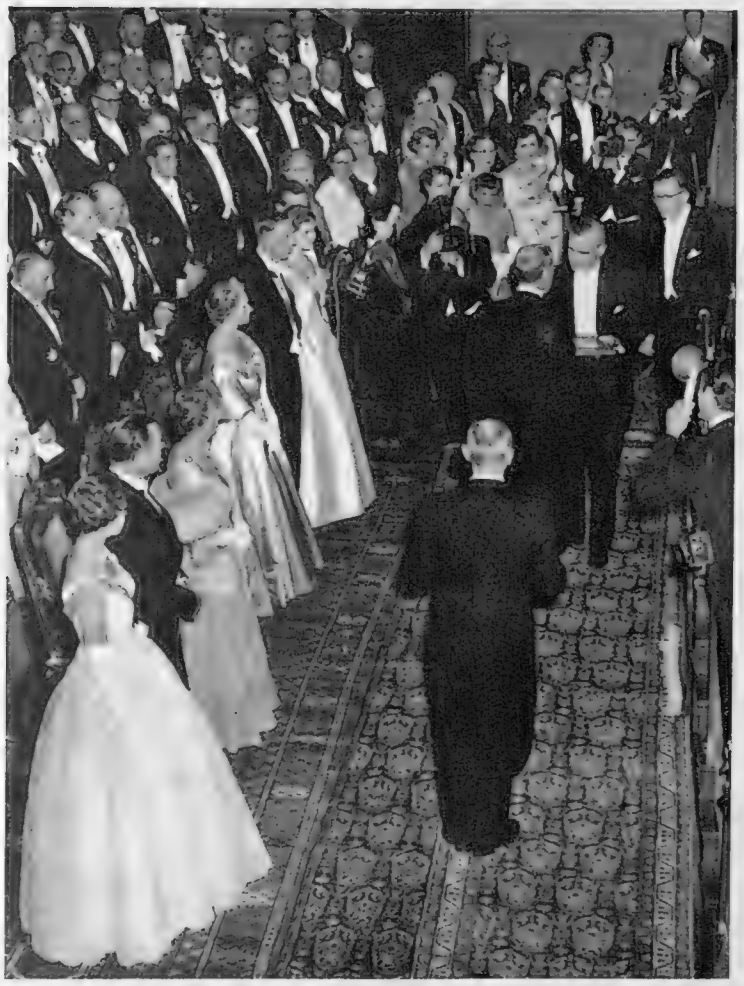
ON THEIR WAY TO THE ANTARCTIC—DR. FUCHS AND SIR EDMUND HILLARY JOIN UP : The leader of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, Dr. Vivian Fuchs (right), with Sir Edmund Hillary on board the sealer *Theron* when the latter joined the party at Montevideo.

AMERICAN UNIONS MERGE : A ceremonial copy of the agreement under which the American Federation of Labour and the Congress of Industrial Organizations merged is signed by the President of the new federation, Mr. Meany, formerly President of the A.F.L. Next to him is Mr. Reuther, former President of the C.I.O.

A PROCESSION FIT FOR A KING : King Saud of Saudi Arabia sits on the ornately caparisoned elephant which led a procession of ten beasts through Banaras, formerly Benares. Next to the King sits the Maharajah of Banaras. The procession took King Saud and the notables who accompanied him from Ramnagar Fort to the banks of the River Ganges. King Saud, whose visit to India has been overshadowed by that of the travellers from Moscow, has made a progress fully in keeping with that of an Oriental potentate. He has been received in a manner reminiscent of the most opulent days of the Raj.

A ROYAL PRESENTATION OF THE NOBEL PRIZES

The King of Sweden Distributes the Awards at a Ceremony in Stockholm



THE NOBEL PRIZE FESTIVAL : King Gustav presents the awards to five Nobel Prize winners in the Municipal Concert Hall in Stockholm. Receiving his award from the King is W. E. Lamb, of Stanford University, California. He shares the Physics prize with Professor P. Kusch, of Columbia University, who is seen standing close by. On the left of the picture are members of the Swedish Royal Family. The prize distribution was made on the anniversary of the death of Alfred Nobel, and the ceremony was attended by more than 2,000 people who, in addition to the Royal Family, included representatives of the Swedish Government, the diplomatic corps, and relatives of the prizewinners. Each of the prizes this year is worth £13,500 and includes an illuminated diploma and a gold medal. Three of the prizewinners are American, one is a Swede, and the other, for the first time, is an Icelander. They receive their prizes in recognition of their services to mankind.

MEMBERS OF THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY AT THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY: From the right are Princess Birgitta, Prince Wilhelm, Princess Sibylla, the King, the Queen, Prince Bertil and Princess Margaretha.

On left—

THE FIVE PRIZEWINNERS : From left are Professor Vincent de Vigeaud, of Cornell Medical Centre, New York (Chemistry); Professor P. Kusch and Professor W. E. Lamb (Physics); Professor Hugo Theorell, of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm (Medicine), and Halldor Laxnes, Iceland (Literature). A fifth Nobel award, the Peace Prize, was, in accordance with tradition, presented in Oslo, Norway.

A PRINCESS DANCES AFTER THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION : Princess Margaretha is dancing with a student from the University of Stockholm at the Ball which followed the banquet.

THE SCENE IN THE MUNICIPAL CONCERT HALL : Making his speech from the platform is Birger Ekeberg, Chief Marshal of the Royal Court and chairman of the Nobel Society. Assembled on the platform are this year's Nobel Prize winners, previous winners, members of the Swedish Academy, and of the Academy of Science. In the background is a bust of Alfred Nobel, the chemist, who died in 1896.

On left—

THE NOBEL BANQUET IN THE CITY HALL: The King is in conversation with Mrs. Edith Kusch during the banquet which followed the prize distribution.

A FINE NEW LIBRARY FOR SCOTLAND

New Premises in Edinburgh for the National Library of Scotland

Plans for the erection of the new building of the National Library of Scotland have been in hand for about thirty years. In 1924 the Ministry of Works prepared preliminary schemes for its erection and in 1936 the Royal Fine Art Commission for Scotland expressed their appreciation of Dr. Reginald Fairlie's "scholarly and dignified design." Work on it actually began in 1937 when the old Sheriff Court House was demolished, but construction was abandoned on the outbreak of war. A resumption was made in 1951 and the new building has now been handed over to the trustees. It will not be opened officially to the public until next summer.

The new premises are built on the northern slopes of the Cowgate Valley against George IV Bridge. On the ground floor are exhibition rooms, a board room, and the librarian's and secretary's rooms, and on the first floor, which is reached by a grand stairway, are the spacious reading-room, the catalogue hall and the special collection rooms. Below the bridge level are seven storage floors with space for 1,500,000 books.

The National Library of Scotland was founded in 1682 by Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh. It belonged to the Faculty of Advocates until 1925, when it was handed over to the nation. In 1923 Mr. (later Sir) Alexander Grant made a donation of £100,000 as a permanent endowment of a National Library.

NEW PREMISES FOR THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND : The building, recently handed over to the Library Trustees, is on Edinburgh's George IV Bridge. It occupies the site of the old Sheriff Court House opposite Edinburgh Public Library. The cost was £600,000.

On left—

THE GRAND STAIRWAY : The engraved glass windows were designed by Mr. A. R. Conlon, and executed by Mrs. Helen Turner.

THE IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE AND STAIRWAY : This view was taken looking down the staircase towards the entrance hall and upwards to the first floor. On the stairs are Mr. A. R. Conlon (left), the architect, and Mr. Stewart Sim, the Ministry of Works liaison architect. The picture *on the right* shows the entrance hall looking towards the stairway.

THE FINE, EXTENSIVE READING-ROOM IN THE NEW PREMISES : The spacious and well-lit room is seen without any of its furnishings or books. It is estimated that the shelf-space in the building will be sufficient for the Library's needs for the remainder of the twentieth century.

On left—

THE LIBRARY BEGINS TO FUNCTION : Library assistants at work in the stackage where books are despatched by lift to all parts of the building. At the moment the Library has about two million items.

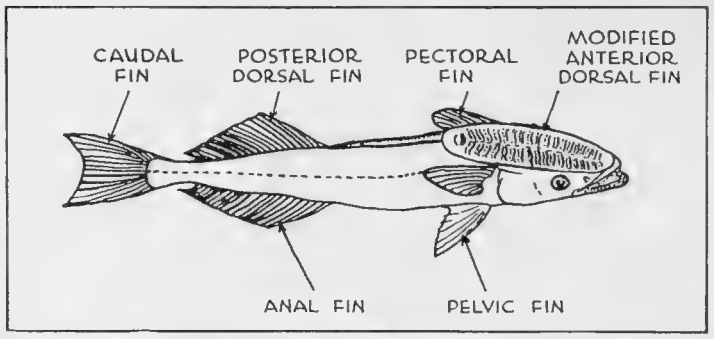
THE "SUCKER" OF THE OCEANS

The Remora is a Curious Fish which Clings to the Tail of the Shark, or even to Ships' Bottoms; it is Very Rarely Caught off Britain, but a Catch was Made Recently

The writer of this article is a founder member of the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain, with headquarters at Looe, Cornwall. Recently, while fishing with rod and line near the Eddystone Lighthouse, he caught a blue-nose shark after playing it for about an hour. It weighed 110 lb.

Towards the tail end of this shark he discovered a small fish with a disc sucker attachment. It was about 4 ins. long and alive. The common name of this unusual fish is the "Remora," "Sucking-fish," "Sucker," or "Shark-sucker." This fish was taken from the shark, the adhesion being so strong that it was only removed with difficulty when pushed forward by a sliding movement. Some naturalists state that when attached to a shark Remora seem to become quite insensitive and show no sign of life. This particular specimen was placed in a pail of fresh sea-water and it swam around apparently quite happy in its new environment on detachment from its host. The scientific name of the fish is Echeneis Remora. *The latter word implying hindrance or holding back. Hence in bygone ages it was called the "Reversus."*

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT HANGERS-ON: This *Echeneis Remora*—the great hanger-on in the fish world—was found recently on the tail of a blue-nose shark caught off the coast of Devon.



THE PRECURSOR OF THE "LIMPET" MINE: The drawing of the Remora shows its weapons, including the "limpet" on its head. According to legend, one of these fishes attached itself to the bottom of Antony's galley at Actium. This led to the victory of Octavian.

AMONG the ancient Greeks, the Remora's habit of clinging tenaciously to a ship's bottom was well known. So extravagant was the common belief in its power of adhesion that it was considered capable of impeding or even of halting the progress of a ship. From this sprang the belief, long current, that the battle of Actium was won by Octavian because a Remora, "Ship-holder" as the Ancients termed it, had affixed itself to Antony's galley and had thereby caused the delay which led to the defeat of the fleet collected by Cleopatra. The same reason was adduced to account for the slow progress of Caligula's galley when he was voyaging from Astura to Antium. Public opinion in that age was quite ready to believe in the magical power of the fish (rather than to accept the prosaic explanation of slackness on the part of the galley's crew, induced by a bout of heavy drinking, as being the real cause of the delay). The earliest known published drawing of this fish in the act of staying the progress of a ship is to be found in J. von Cube's *Hortus Sanitatis*, a curious work published in 1479. It shows a Remora attached to a vessel.

This peculiarly interesting fish attaches itself to sharks, turtles, large fish such as swordfish, porpoises and whales and even, occasionally, to ships, but in order to catch its food, it leaves the transporting host. In the case of the Shark-sucker or Remora, the association between the two fishes, Remora and shark, is more intimate than that between Pilot-fish (*Naucrates*) and shark, and is of a type known as *commensalism*.

When the host is feeding on some other animal, the Remora obtains some of the fragments floating in the water, but on occasions the shark is used merely as a vehicle to carry the Remora to fresh feeding grounds, where it soon detaches itself among a shoal of fish, darts off as an independent hunter in pursuit of prey, and seeks fresh anchorage when its appetite has been satisfied. Often, however, the Remora enters the mouths or gill cavities of large bony fishes such as the Swordfish (*Xiphais*), Sailfish (*Istiophorus*) and the Sunfish (*Mola*); it appears to be tolerated by its host, and gains not only protection from enemies but also scraps of food.

It is also used as bait in fishing, for example in catching turtles. Fishermen going after either the edible green turtle or the hawksbill turtle, which yields the valuable tortoiseshell of commerce, take the Remora to sea in their boat. It is attached to a line by a metal ring passed round the base of the tail. When a turtle is sighted, the fish is put overboard and attaches itself to the reptile, which can then be drawn in and captured. This method has been employed all over the world for centuries. Columbus noted it as one of the marvels of the New World. He is the first of the Moderns to record the use of the Remora in fishing. Among other stories which he sent to Ferdinand and Isabella about the strange things to be seen in the newly discovered lands was a description of how a sucker-fish was used by fishermen of Hispaniola for the capture of large fishes.

The Aborigines of Australia are adepts in its use; the Chinese are said to employ it; and off the East Coast of Africa the fishermen of Zanzibar and the Mozambique Channel follow exactly the same method as the aboriginal fisherfolk of Australia. The technique of the Zanzibari fishermen is this: the Remora is caught when young and it undergoes a certain amount of training before being ready for fishing. When it reaches a weight of between 2 and 3 lb. it is considered strong enough for use and is taken out for trial.

The number of lamellæ forming the sucker varies from twelve to twenty-seven pairs. These serve to distinguish the different species, of which the larger is said to grow to 3 ft. There are about a dozen species of this type in warm tropical seas and, as already noted, the *Echeneis remora* has been found in the waters off Britain, although it is not a British species. It is believed that the particular fish caught on the shark off Devon had been carried from the Mediterranean attached by its sucker to the shark.

Advantages for the fishes from the habit of attaching themselves to a host appear to be:—

(i) Protection from their enemies.

(ii) Ability to dart out unexpectedly on prey which they would not be swift enough to pursue by themselves. They may catch fish the host has pursued for itself.

(iii) Chance of devouring scraps from host's meals.

(iv) Anchorage.

(v) Transport to fresh feeding grounds, without effort.

(vi) Possibility of travel through adverse fast currents, etc., which they could not do alone.

Fishes that live in situations from which they are likely to be carried away develop suckers. Thus in the gobies, found between tide-marks, the pelvic fins form a sucker. It is not very difficult to understand their evolution. Many have the habit of lurking under the shelter of any large object in the water for the purpose of concealment or ambush. The obvious development from this is to accompany larger creatures either for protection or gain, and in the process of time the body structure of the suckers has adapted itself accordingly.

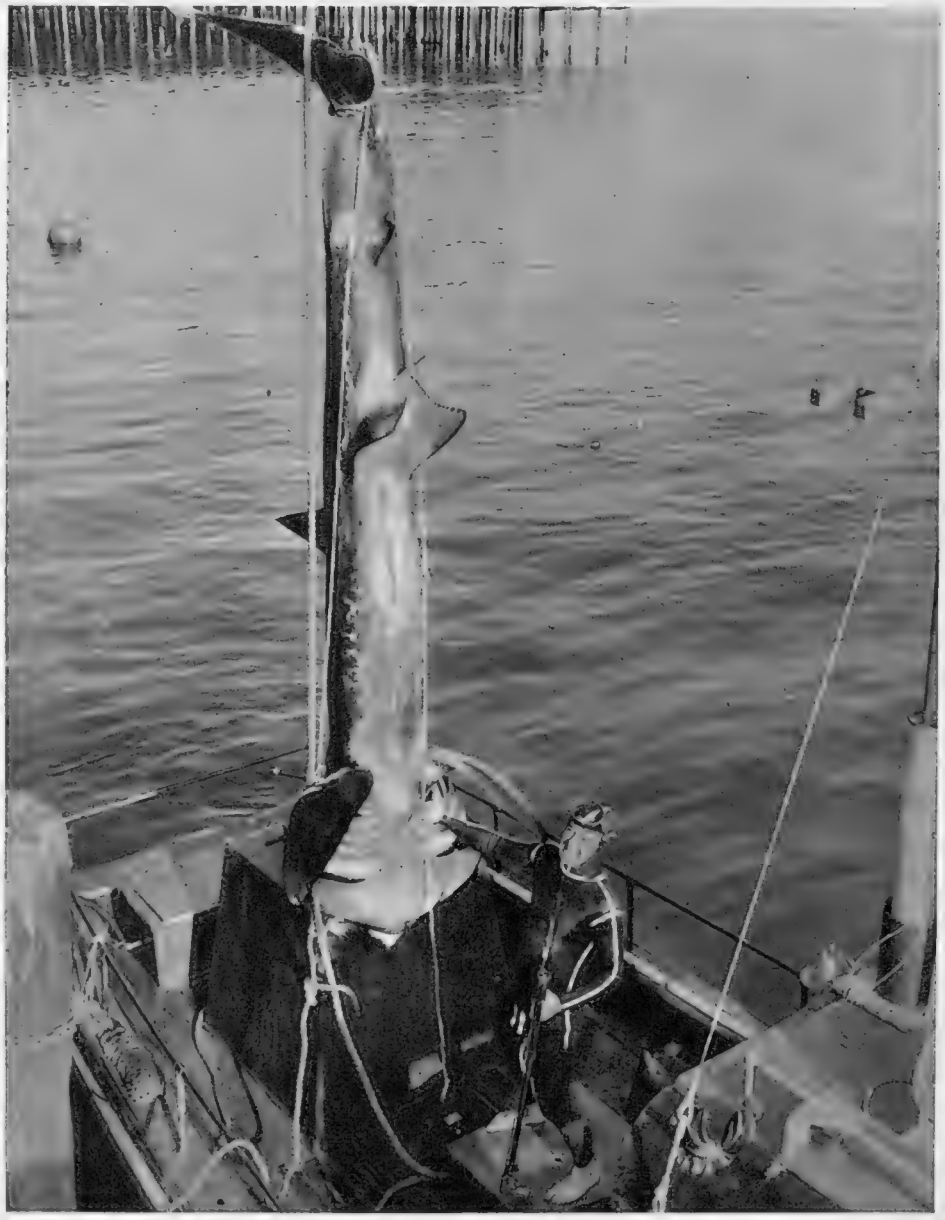
It is evident that the sucker-fishes must have been derived from fishes which had, as the Pilot-fish has to-day, the habit of associating with sharks. The spinous dorsal fin of the Pilot-fish (*Naucrates*) and of other oceanic fishes of the same type, with the spines folded back within a groove, might possibly have some power of adhesion if the edges of the groove were applied to another object and the spines were then slightly raised. In the case of the Remora, the anterior dorsal fin is modified to form an adhesive disc which occupies the upper part of the head and of the posterior region just behind the head.

The power of adhesion of a large sucker-fish is astonishing. Experiments with a medium-sized sucker-fish measuring about 2 ft. in length, showed that it was able to sustain the pull or weight of a pail of water weighing over 20 lb. It obtained a firm grip by its sucker upon the inside of the pail, which could then be lifted by the fish's tail.

When kept in captivity the sucker-fish, like many fishes that live on the bottom or among rocks, shows marked ability to adapt its colour to harmonise with that of its surroundings, the dark stripes on the body fading when on a light ground, whereas the white stripes along the sides disappear or darken when moving amid dark surroundings or when adhering to a dark surface.

According to the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom, the Remora caught recently was the first catch of the fish in association with a blue shark to be made off this country since 1867.

Norman Lorraine, F.R.S.E., M.D.



A "HOST" IN CAPTIVITY: The basking shark seen here has been caught off Venice, California, U.S.A. It had been speared close to the beach. Such giant sharks are toothless and harmless to humans. But like all their species they are welcome as hosts to the Remora, as are also swordfish, sailfish, sunfish, porpoises, turtles and even whales.

"NUCLEUS"—A MODERN ARCHITECT EXPRESSES HIMSELF FORCIBLY AT THE EXPENSE OF AN ITALIAN SCULPTOR: This remarkable building has been built on the hill in Turin for the sculptor Mastrojanni. It was designed by the Italian architect Enzo Venturelli, of Turin, who sees in his building an expression of contemporary feeling. *Inset*—A close-up view of the house, which Mastrojanni is using as a home and a studio. The architect has called the new style of building "Nucleus" in honour of the atomic age in which the style was conceived. Not only does the external design defy all the known canons of architectural taste, but, we are assured, the interior will match it.

AN OLD LONDON THEATRE BECOMES NEW: The Royal box in the Comedy theatre, which reopened last week after it had been redecorated at a cost of £100,000.

ART COMES IN NEW SHAPES

New and Remarkable Architectural Designs for a Sculptor and for Two Theatres, in Turin, London and Cologne

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE COMES TO COLOGNE: The building under construction is to be a theatre, which is expected to open in the autumn of next year. It is being built near Cologne Cathedral to the designs of W. Riphahn at a cost of over £1,000,000.

THE COMEDY THEATRE AFTER TWO YEARS OF ALTERATION AND REDECORATION: The new Royal Circle at the London theatre, which reopened last week. The theatre, which was built in 1881, has been completely refurbished.

THE CHARM OF THE UNSPOILT DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE BESIDE THE OTTER RIVER: This view of Up-Ottery, near Honiton, shows, in the foreground below the meadow, the river winding its way through the East Devon countryside. In the village itself, to the left of the church tower is the rectory, and to the right the Manor, once the home of Viscount Sidmouth, a former Prime Minister. These three buildings, together with a number of other houses and the war memorial, have been scheduled as of special architectural or historic interest.

RURAL DEVON PRESERVED

Most of the Buildings in the Charming Village of Up-Ottery have been Officially Protected for their Historical and Architectural Interest

Written and Illustrated by
VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

VERY few of the motorists who follow the A 30 highway to Devon and Cornwall for their holidays ever take time to explore the Otter valley, which they enter when they get to Honiton. Visitors to Sidmouth may find their way to Ottery St. Mary, and they may pass through Otterton if they go to Exmouth. The road northwards to Taunton will take them close to Otterford, near the source of the River Otter. But the Otter is only a little river and they may not expect much of it, though in England the unexpected often gives the most pleasure.

If they leave the highway near Monkton, before reaching Honiton, and follow a narrow winding road down into the valley, they will soon come to Up-Ottery. This is one of two villages in East Devon in which nearly all the buildings have this year been listed as of special architectural or historic interest under the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947. The other, Broad Hembury, with white walls and thatched roofs, is only a few miles away.

The Manor and farm of Up-Ottery, comprising a large proportion of the village, belong to Commander Edward Lee, R.N. (Retd.), who bought them from Lord Sidmouth in 1954, and it was through the courtesy of the present owner that I was able to make these sketches.

A RELIC OF THE DISTRICT'S NORMAN ANCESTRY: Berry Pomeroy Castle, near Totnes, was built by Ralf de Pomaria, a Norman knight who once owned Up-Ottery.

WHERE THE LORD OF THE MANOR USED TO DISPENSE JUSTICE: The old justice room in Up-Ottery stands in the grounds of the Manor, a reminder of the village's feudal character.

The village, which has a population of about 100, is not composed of hoary ruins or mingled, like some old villages, with incongruous modern council houses and petrol pumps. Its origins, particularly in the case of the church, go back a long way in history, but most of the buildings date only from the early nineteenth century. The charm of the village lies in the fact that it is homogeneous, and it is an excellent example of a self-contained, feudal type of community where for centuries people have lived at peace with one another.

From about A.D. 700 until the invasion of William the Conqueror, Up-Ottery was a Saxon township. Probably because its chief had opposed the invader it was taken away from him and given to one of the Norman knights named Ralf de Pomaria (or Pomeroy), and the Dean and Chapter of Rouen Cathedral had a church there. A legacy of Ralf still exists near Totnes. It is the Castle of Berry Pomeroy, the most picturesque ruin in Devon.

In 1267 one of Ralf's descendants sold the advowson, which had been retained by his family, to the Archdeacon of Totnes, who made it over to the Bishop of Exeter. He assigned it to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter Cathedral, in whose hands it has remained.

In the following centuries the Manor changed hands more than once and in 1759 it was purchased by Dr. Anthony Addington, who was physician to Lord Chatham, the Prime Minister. Dr. Addington's son Henry became Speaker of the House of Commons in 1789, and in 1801 he succeeded William Pitt as (Tory) Prime Minister. After his three years in office he was created Viscount Sidmouth. Later he was for some years Home Secretary and after his retirement he spent much of his time at Up-Ottery until his death in 1844.

It is recorded that on the defeat of Napoleon in 1814 the bells of Up-Ottery rang out to announce the good tidings and the villagers celebrated with a jollification lasting nearly all day. It would seem that the resonance of the bells, which had been in use for more than 300 years, may have been criticised on this occasion, for it was decided shortly afterwards to install a new peal. One of the churchwardens got married before they could be hoisted, but the ringers were not deprived of their part in the ceremony, for they rang the bells on the ground.

There is a pond in the corner of the vicarage meadow on which the sons of John Jane, Vicar from 1886 until 1923, used to stage mimic sea battles. One of these boys became an expert on naval matters and won fame as the author of *Jane's Fighting Ships*.

In the course of time many old things have been swept away in Up-Ottery, as in most villages, and only the older inhabitants or the parish records can remind us of them. The office of "Dog-Whipper," necessary when people took their dogs to church, and which carried a salary of a few shillings a year, died out in about 1877, but the official transferred his attention to the children to ensure that they did not misbehave.

Until quite recently the village fire brigade kept its hand-pump in a cottage near the church, and opposite to it, where the war memorial now stands, the village blacksmith used to work literally "under the spreading chestnut tree." Until last Christmas the postman used to do his rounds on an unofficial horse, which he hunted at week-ends. The horse now lives in retirement in the Manor park, where it nuzzled against me while I was sketching.

THE HOME OF A NINETEENTH-CENTURY PRIME MINISTER: The entrance to the Manor of Up-Ottery, with the park beyond. It was the home of Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, who was Prime Minister from 1801 to 1804, and remained in his family until last year. Napoleon's defeat at Leipzig was celebrated with a dance there.

THE CENTRE OF VILLAGE LIFE : The Church of St. Mary, in Up-Ottery, whose chancel was built in the twelfth century. Little of the oldest part of the church remains, however, and the tower dates from the fifteenth century. The war memorial, built after the First World War, took the place of an old village pump. The thatched building beyond it served until recently as the fire station, where the local brigade kept a hand-pump. This sketch was made from the vicinity of the chestnut tree under which the village blacksmith worked.

AT THE FORGE—TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY : The house at the left of these two old buildings was once the blacksmith's forge. *On right*—The artist's impression of the forge. As the blacksmith shoed the horse beneath the chestnut tree the animal was tethered to one of the wooden posts which encircled the grass plot and the old pump.

WHERE THE HEART OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE STILL BEATS STRONGLY : This sketch, made in the Manor park, shows the Manor itself, and the church tower among the trees, which include some fine old cedars. The stream in the foreground is a tributary of the River Otter, which flows past the village in a valley beyond the Manor. Not only is the rural beauty of Up-Ottery unspoilt, but the whole atmosphere of the village remains unhurried by modern life. Until last Christmas the village postman went on his rounds on horseback.

WELSH MOUNTAIN PONIES

The Animals of a Famous Breed at Coed Coch Winter in Wild Surroundings, but Many of them Distinguish Themselves by Winning Prizes in the Show Season

ON a high Denbighshire moor, with the near-by bracken dyed russet and red by the frosts, and the distant mountains of Snowdonia standing stark and clear against the sky, I saw a group of Welsh Mountain ponies from Miss M. Brodrick's Coed Coch stud. Among them were animals which, during the summer months, had won major awards at most of the leading shows in England and Wales. Now they grazed on the uplands, exposed to the winter's wind and cold, just as their breed has been doing on the Welsh mountain slopes from time immemorial.

Hardiness is one of the most outstanding features of these lovely diminutive ponies, whose height never exceeds 12 hands. Although they may have changed somewhat in appearance in the last century, they remain much the same as those Giraldus Cambrensis, Archdeacon of Brecon, saw when he accompanied Archbishop Baldwin on his Welsh Crusade in 1188 and remarked that the mountains were "full of ponies."

The Welsh Mountain pony has a story that extends long past early Norman days. They were certainly there when the Romans came to these islands, and, doubtless, they, like the other native ponies of Britain, have the ponies of Neolithic times as their remote ancestors. And, as in the case of other mountain and moorland breeds, the fact that their haunts were among the wilder places of the land enabled them to escape the wholesale massacre of all horses under 15 hands carried out at the instigation of Henry VIII.

A BREED WHICH HAS SURVIVED CENTURIES : These ponies on the hills of Denbighshire, in North Wales, belong to the stock of Coed Coch, at Abergele, which is owned by Miss M. Brodrick. They are one of the best-known of the strains of Welsh ponies, having a certain amount of Arab blood.

THREE CHAMPION MARES : From the same stud are (from the left) Champion Coed Coch Pioden ; Champion Coed Coch Prydferth ; and Champion Coed Coch Purwen, a daughter of Coed Coch Pioden.

A certain amount of Arab blood has long been credited to the Welsh Mountain pony. But its definite descent from the Arab dates from a comparatively recent period. There are records showing that just under a century ago Arab stallions were turned out on the Welsh hills, especially in the south, and allowed to breed with the native mares. The great stallion, Champion Dyoll Starlight, which was bred by the late Mr. H. Meuric Lloyd, at Llangadock, Carmarthenshire, in 1894 and whose type is stamped on many of the prize-winning Welsh Mountain ponies to-day, is generally believed to owe a deal to such a mating.

There have been many stories relating to the breeding of this remarkable stallion, a popular one being that the groom was taking Starlight's dam to be served by another pony, but this was not available and so, for some reason not altogether clear, an Arab was used. Mrs. L. E. Blandy, of Llandovery, daughter of the late Mr. Lloyd, recently gave me the details of the stallion's pedigree and from these it is quite obvious that any Arab infusion occurred much earlier than in Starlight's parentage. Indeed, not only are both his sire and dam known and entered in the Welsh Stud Book, but the sire, Dyoll Glasallt, was bought specially by Mr. Lloyd for stud use, and it was the dam, Dyoll Moonlight, described by Mrs. Blandy as "a flea-bitten grey," who is generally regarded as being responsible for the Arab blood in Dyoll Starlight.

There is, however, no doubting the influence of Dyoll Starlight on the breed. He died in 1929 at the age of thirty-five (when in the possession of Lady Wentworth). He turned out to be a most potent sire and had the gift of transmitting his own exceptional conformation on his progeny. Among his offspring may be mentioned such stallions as Champion Bleddfa Shooting Star, Champion Greylight (sold to Australia for 1,000 gns.), Dyoll King Cole (exported to the Argentine), and Bwlch Quicksilver, and mares of the quality of Dyoll Dewdrop (which later belonged to Lady Wentworth), Champion Nantyham Starlight, and Champion Lady Starlight, animals which stand at the head of the greatest breeding lines still extant.

While the Arab infusion may have been largely responsible for the classical lines of the Welsh Mountain ponies seen in the show rings to-day, the hardiness of the breed has been well maintained through the continued contact with the mountain and moorland heights upon which the ponies have always thrived. For centuries, the ancestors of the present animals roamed in an almost completely wild state on the uplands. There was a time when Welsh shepherds regarded them as a grave deterrent to the interests of sheep-breeding. Gradually the sheep gained the upper hand. It is worth noting that there are many places in the Principality where the supplanting of ponies by sheep has resulted in a great increase in the spread of bracken.

At a demonstration of bracken eradication held on the Denbighshire slopes of the Clwydian hills last summer, Captain F. A. Frost, of Fronel Ganol, Llanbedr, who has known these hills for some sixty years, told me that it was only in the last three decades or so that bracken had increased on the Clwydian hills. "When I was a boy," he said, "much of the hillside was used for ponies, and their sharp hooves seemed to have the effect of cutting the bracken and keeping it under control. When the increased use of mechanisation in the mines meant that ponies were nothing like so profitable, most folk turned over to sheep which, of course, have nothing like the same effect on bracken."

For many years there was little or no control over breeding, but in the autumn there were big "round-ups" and the most useful animals were kept for stock and the remainder sent to the fairs where there was a big demand, especially for the smaller type of pony colts and stallions for use in the mines. The annual show of the Durham County Agricultural Society always has strong classes for pit ponies. The influence of the Welsh Mountain breed is plain on many of the entries.

To-day, breeding is much more selective and the Welsh Pony and Cob Society offers premiums for stallion owners who let their animals run with mares from May to August each year. The Society appoints inspectors, who make a tour of the different areas, select the stallions to receive the premiums, and then each chosen stallion is allocated its own run.

The Welsh Pony and Cob Society formed its own Stud Book in 1901, and since then well over 10,000 mares and 2,000 stallions have been registered. The chief current demand for the Welsh Mountain pony is as a children's riding pony, either for use in the smaller height classes or for cross-breeding. Recently there has been a big demand from overseas, and in the last twelve months over a hundred have been sent abroad, mainly to the U.S.A. The South Wales vice-president of the Society, Mr. H. Llewellyn Richards, had a magnificent display of Welsh Mountain ponies before him when he judged at the Maryland State Fair some little time ago.

Mr. Richards has one of the most famous herds in the breed, the Criban, on the slopes of the Breconshire mountains at Bwlch. This dates back to the middle of the seventeenth century, when one of his ancestors, Richard ap Howell, used these ponies for both shepherding and hunting, and the present blood lines can be traced for over 150 years. The Cui herd at Talybont-on-Usk, which belonged to the late Mr. W. R. Richards, brother of the owner of the Criban, also came from the same stock.

In the north of the country, the most famous herd is undoubtedly the Coed Coch, owned by Miss M. Brodrick, at Abergele. It was founded in 1924 and here the name of the stallion, Coed Coch Glyndwr, which carried five crosses of the famous Dyoll Starlight, figures prominently in the pedigrees. He was the sire of the well-known mare, Coed Coch Siaradus, winner of over thirty championships in the last eight years, and grandsire of the present stock sire, Coed Coch Madog, which was male champion at the Royal Shows of 1954 and 1955. At this year's National Pony Show, Coed Coch Madog's two-year-old son, Coed Coch Pwyll, beat his father and was made champion mountain and moorland stallion of the show.

OWNER AND GROOM : Miss M. Brodrick, the owner of the Coed Coch ponies, tends this year's foals. On right is her eighty-year-old groom, John Jones.

There are few more attractive sights than Welsh Mountain ponies in the rings at our summer shows. But to see them in their winter quarters is to realise that their beautiful action depends upon the hardiness which is one of the breed's most important characteristics.

Sydney Moorhouse

ON THE WELSH HILLS IN WINTER: Ponies make their way through a gap in the fence. They have all the appearance of being a wild herd living in hardy surroundings. Only in time of snow is extra forage given them. But it is not unlikely that some of them are already champions and others will be shown in the ring with great distinction next season.

NO CHANGE FOR GUILDFORD'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL

A Proposal to Move the 400-year-old Foundation from its Present Site in the High Street Has Been Rejected

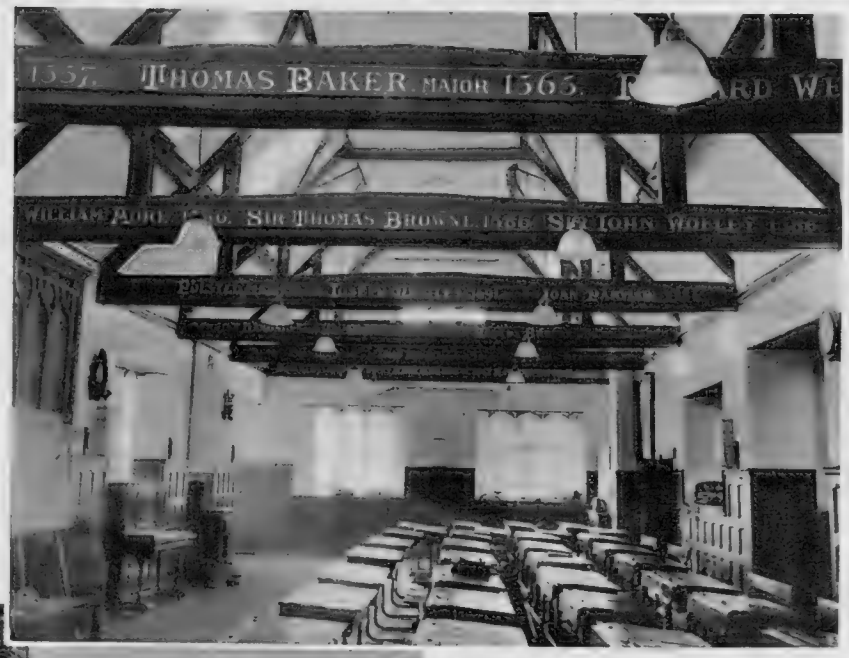
Just 400 years after the Royal Grammar School had first been established on its present site in the centre of Guildford a controversy rages on the Surrey County Council as to the school's future. Earlier this year the county education committee decided to increase the number of pupils at the school from 400 to 600, and it was quite obvious that the existing buildings and annexes, already barely adequate for the increasing demands of modern education, would be quite unable to meet this increase. It was therefore proposed by the education committee that additional buildings should be put up opposite the main school building, on the other side of the High Street. This might involve the demolition of the fine eighteenth-century Allen House, which has for many years been used for additional classrooms, although originally it was built as a private residence.

This scheme has been opposed on the County Council on the grounds that traffic conditions in the High Street, already notorious, would become "absolutely chaotic" when the new buildings were put up. In any case, it was argued, the school would benefit by being taken right away from the centre of the town. It was proposed that the entire school be removed to Stoke Park, where all the pupils could be accommodated in one building, where playing fields would be adjoining, and where there would be adequate room for expansion. Against this, it was felt that the traditions of the school would be lost by its removal from its site in the High Street. And earlier this month the Surrey County Council voted by a large majority against the proposal to move the school.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS IN GUILDFORD HIGH STREET: The Royal Grammar School building, which has stood on its present site, in the centre of Guildford, since 1555. A proposal to move the school to a new area outside Guildford, in order to provide additional accommodation when the school expands, was defeated by the Surrey County Council this month.

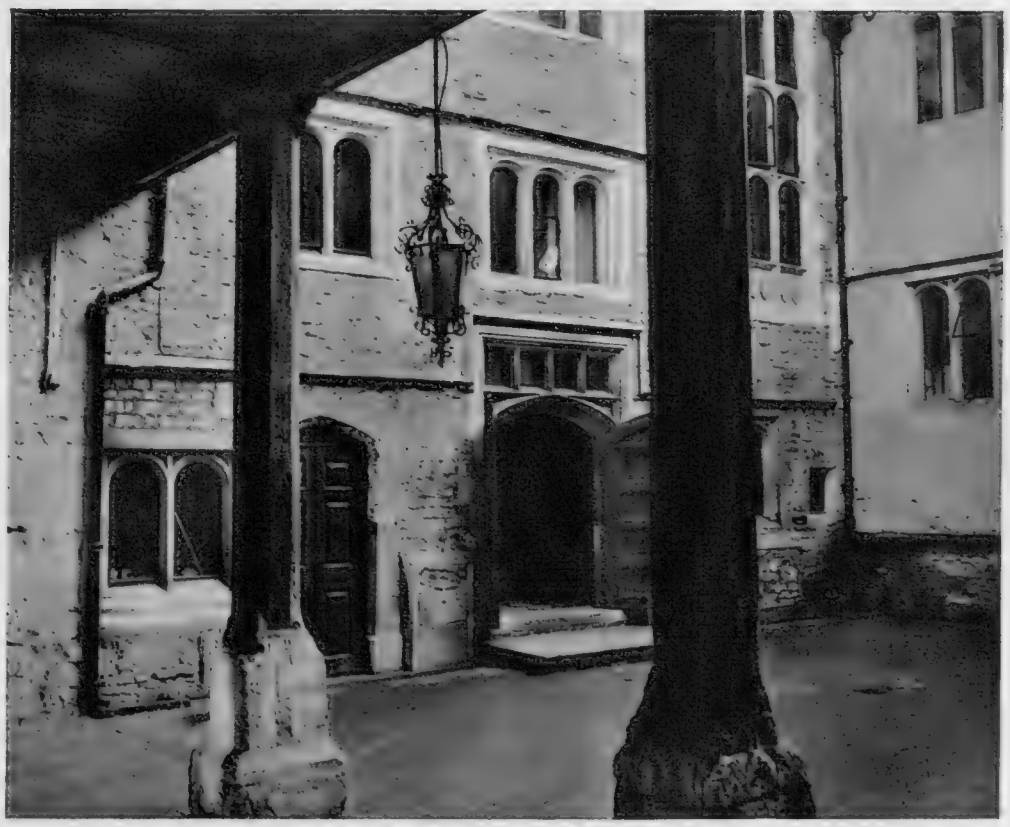
On right—

OLD BENEFACTORS AND PUPILS ARE COMMEMORATED: On the rafters in the school's main assembly hall are carved the names of men who have had an important share in the 400-year history of the school.



POSSIBLY IN THE WAY OF FUTURE EXPANSION: The eighteenth-century Allen House, opposite the Royal Grammar School, to-day contains additional classrooms. It may have to make way for proposed new school buildings.

AGE TAKES ITS TOLL OF THE OLD SCHOOL WALLS: Boys in the garden walk outside the south side of the Royal Grammar School building in the High Street, which contains the Library and the Assembly Hall.

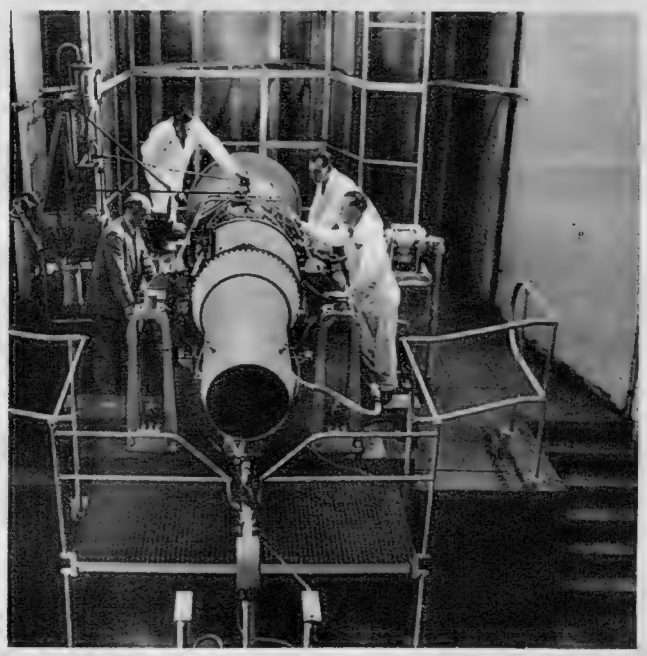


WHERE THE SCHOOL'S TRADITION HAS BEEN BUILT UP OVER THE CENTURIES: Through the old pillars one looks to the quadrangle and an entrance to the school. The present buildings will be quite inadequate to accommodate the pupils if the increase in numbers from 400 to 600 takes place.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE

Two of the Latest Types of American Aircraft; and a British Jet Engine Tested for N.A.T.O.

ASSEMBLING STRATOJET BOMBERS: Boeing Stratofortresses (B-52s) are being built in quantity at the firm's plant in Wichita, Oklahoma. The B-52 is an eight-jet, swept-wing, long-range bomber which has been ordered into production for the United States Air Force. It is being produced in Seattle as well as in Wichita. This new bomber is a development from the B-47. Like most modern military aircraft it has swept wings. Powered by eight Pratt and Whitney J57-P-1 turbojet engines, it has a maximum speed of over 600 miles an hour. Its ceiling is over 50,000 ft. (9½ miles). A crew of six is carried. All the members are provided with ejection seats for emergency escape.



FOR DEFENCE AGAINST HURRICANES: One of the new vast Super-Constellations of the United States Navy stands in the field of the Lockheed Company, its makers, at Burbank, in California. Its outline is reflected in the pool of rainwater near by. This aircraft, which has the U.S. Naval designation of WV-3, is especially designed for plotting the track and the speed of hurricanes. The cone-like apparatus below the fuselage is part of the 6 tons of radar and other equipment which it carries. The triple tail—a feature of other types of Constellations—provides stability. A WV-3 flew on "sentry duty" during one of the recent hurricanes which struck America.

On left—

A BRISTOL "ORPHEUS" JET ENGINE IN AN ITALIAN FACTORY: It is being tested at the Fiat works in Turin. After the tests it is to be fitted into a prototype of the Fiat G.91—a light fighter, ordered by N.A.T.O. If the trials are successful, this may become the power unit of a standard fighter in the forces for the defence of the West.

On right—

NEARING COMPLETION IN THE WICHITA PLANT: The engines are being fitted to the B-52 in the centre of the picture. The turbojets are mounted in pairs under the wings. There are also auxiliary fuel tanks at the outer ends of the wings. It is understood that modifications of this type of aircraft may soon be in production for the Air Force of the United States of America.

A GIANT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN DOCK: The aircraft-carrier U.S.S. *Forrestal* (centre) lies at her moorings in the naval shipyard at Portsmouth, in Virginia. Some idea of the size of this 59,650-ton vessel can be gained by the comparison with the way she dwarfs the aircraft-carrier U.S.S. *Coral Sea* which is tied up at the extreme left. *Coral Sea* (45,000 tons) was not long ago one of the United States Navy's largest ships. *Forrestal* towers over the two destroyers in the same basin as *Coral Sea* and also over the two ships at the pier on the right—a tank-landing ship and an auxiliary vessel (behind). The *Forrestal* is the largest aircraft-carrier in the world in commission. But the United States Navy has four more carriers of this class in various stages of construction and eventually they will be still larger than *Forrestal*. One, *Saratoga*, has been launched.

CONTRASTS IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

The Largest Aircraft-Carrier; and a Submarine on Trial

SIMILAR DESIGNS IN SEA AND AIR: The United States high-speed target submarine *Albacore* makes her way through the sea with a U.S. naval airship above her. The submarine, which was designed for experimental purposes, has a stern modelled on the tail of the "blimp." This design has proved most successful on trials. *Albacore*, completed two years ago, displaces 1,100 tons and has a complement of forty.

THE TAIL OF THE "SEA BLIMP": The stern of the *Albacore* cuts through the water, leaving the wake from her propellers. As a result of *Albacore's* successful trials, the U.S. Navy is planning to build a number of other submarines to her design.

SUNDAY MORNING AY HORNING: On the banks of the River Bure members of the Snowflakes Sailing Club prepare their boats for the start of the day's racing. Throughout the winter these sailing enthusiasts on the Norfolk Broads compete in races from the premises put at their disposal by the Horning Sailing Club. Each Sunday six races are usually completed.

THE SECRETARY GETS DOWN TO WORK: Miss Jill Lane, who is Secretary of the Snowflakes, prepares the canvas in her 5-0-5 boat *Aline* at the start of a winter race.

SAILING AT CHRISTMAS

The Snowflakes Club at Horning in Norfolk goes Yachting on the Broads Throughout the Winter

Yachting in the winter may at first glance seem to be a chilly pastime, but for those with small boats newly-bitten by the sailing bug the minor discomforts which the elements cause are merely incidental. That, at any rate, is what a number of enthusiasts on the Norfolk Broads thought some six years ago. Fretting at home by their firesides on a Sunday afternoon, their boats laid up in some shed, they hit upon the idea of forming a winter yacht club.

They began modestly by putting an advertisement in the local paper and asking if anyone was interested. There were about twenty replies. From that small spark of enthusiasm there has sprung the Snowflakes Sailing Club, which to-day can boast a membership of 150, which is still rising.

For the first three winters the enthusiasts organised their sailing events informally at Totter Heigham. Then, for the 1952–53 season, they decided to move to club premises of their own, and took over an old houseboat at Thurne for this purpose. But it proved to be a very old boat, which did no more than survive that one winter. So the Snowflakes moved on again, this time to the River Bure, where the Horning Sailing Club put its premises at the disposal of the winter yachtsmen.

A CLUB FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: Some of the girls who are members of the Snowflakes Club. Most members of the club, which was started six years ago, are in their early twenties.

THE NEXT BEST THING TO A GUN: The Commodore, Mr. Robert Pitt, blows his whistle to start a race from the Horning Sailing Club. Those not taking part in this particular race watch the start.

Every Sunday, from October to Easter, the club meets to carry out a full programme of races from 11.15 until the start of the last event of the afternoon at 2.30. Perhaps twenty yachts compete. A typical Sunday's sailing might include two races for "all-comers," yachts of any class; two races for the 12-ft. National and Firefly classes, which predominate in the club; a local handicap race; and perhaps a race for the ladies or for those enthusiasts, too often ignored by the committees, who normally only act as crews.

This is a programme that suits the members of the club, who are mostly in their early twenties, though there are some who are much younger, and an occasional race is even arranged for the under-sixteens. The winter yachting enthusiasts come from all parts of Norfolk. During the summer they all belong to their own yacht clubs, and they may not see each other again until their "winter season" begins. The subscription of 10s. is modest enough to cater for youthful enthusiasm.

Most of the boats in the Snowflakes Club are 12-, 14- and 16-ft. dinghies, but occasionally larger boats appear in the Sunday races, and are handicapped accordingly. On the other hand, the enthusiasm of many of the younger members is such that they build their own hard chine boats, at a cost of as little as £60.

Sailing in the winter has, of course, its own peculiar hazards, and the club is not named Snowflakes for nothing. It has, in fact, been known for a race to be completed in quite a heavy fall of snow. In general, the enthusiasm and hardiness of its members enables the club to carry on with its programme despite unpleasant weather conditions. Often thin ice has been broken to get a boat into the water for a Sunday race. Only heavy snow- and rainfall, gale-force winds or the complete freezing of the Broads keeps the Snowflakes ashore.

On land the club members are not at a loss for something to do. An important, if incidental, activity of the club is the giving of talks by experts on various aspects of sailing. The rules of racing may be explained to some of the younger members, or one of the more experienced yachtsmen may give an account of a trip round Spain in the summer.

This instructional aspect is one that should commend itself to anyone who may tend to frown on winter sailing. Inevitably, in the rush of summer regattas it is difficult for a beginner to learn at leisure. But the practical experience that the young Snowflakes gain is also not negligible. Sailing becomes a matter of great skill on the winding reaches of the Bure, with the wind blowing in great gusts from the North Sea.

Winter sailing has, furthermore, a salutary effect on the boats themselves and on the gear. Provided that full advantage is taken of the storage accommodation available for the boats on land, and that adequate maintenance is carried out during the winter, all-the-year sailing has certain advantages. It hardens both timber and canvas, and the winter yachtsman has a certain advantage early in the summer season over the yachtsman who has to break his boat in again after months of hibernation.

But, above all, it is the enthusiasm which the Snowflakes Club displays that is of importance. It is yet another sign that sailing has a popularity, particularly with young people in small boats, with which soon our summer regattas will find it difficult to cope. But it is a very healthy sign.

CROSSING THE LINE ON THE BURE: Miss Jill Lane and Mr. John Parkinson are well out on the weather side of their 12-ft. National. Most members sail 12- to 16-ft. dinghies.

RACING UNDER THE WINTER SKIES AT HORNING : Some of the larger Star class yachts compete in a race given by the Snowflakes Club. From October to Easter the club holds races every week, and only heavy snow or rain, gales or ice prevents the races being held. Sometimes thin ice has to be broken to launch the boats.

TEST OF HELMSMANSHIP : These dinghies reaching in a light breeze give their helmsmen and crew an excellent opportunity to improve sailing techniques. The River Bure on which the Snowflakes sail is as testing as any part of the Broads.

HE 12-FT. CLASS IS OFF TO A GOOD START : Nationals and Fireflies at the beginning of a Snowflakes race. From very small beginnings the club has expanded until to-day it has more than 150 members. The annual subscription is only 10s.

A HARD DRIVE TO THE FINISHING-LINE : Miss Lane, the Secretary, gets well out to starboard in her National *Tigger II* as she comes in to win one of the Sunday races. About twenty boats are entered each week for these winter races.

IN ENGLAND AND IN SCOTLAND

The Home News includes Pictures of a Party Marooned by the First Snows of Winter

GLIDER PILOTS CUT OFF BY SNOW : One of the party of nine which was marooned on Long Mynd, in Shropshire, signals to a passing aeroplane. *On right*—This aerial picture shows the headquarters of the club on top of the peak, with two members waving to the aircraft. The nine members of the Midland Gliding Club had been cut off by a sudden fall of snow some 1,500 ft. above Church Stretton. Two of them were women. Long Mynd is regarded as one of the finest sites in Great Britain for gliding activities. A blizzard—one of the first heavy falls of snow this winter—whipped up drifts of from 4 to 6 ft. in depth and thus the members who were there for gliding found themselves isolated. Fortunately there was enough food in the club headquarters for their needs and they were also able to keep in touch with the outside world by telephone. Mr. Edward Stark, the secretary of the club, who was one of those marooned, reported that their cars were nearly covered over. However, after two days the members were able to make their way down to Church Stretton. At the same time, in many other parts of Britain, the first snows had caused disruption of communications and inconvenience.

AN ALMSHOUSE FOR SALE : The dwellings of Hedger's Almshouse are in Carlisle Lane, across Westminster Bridge from the Houses of Parliament, in London. They are being put up for sale. The original endowment was made by James Hedger in 1797. The buildings were reconstructed in 1901. The Hedger bequest allows for nine women to live in these dwellings free of rent. The number of inhabitants is now reduced to three. These occupants will be found other homes before the almshouse is sold.

A CHURCHYARD COMES INTO THE MARKET : The monument is in the small strip which comprises the churchyard of all that remains of the historic Church of St. Antholin, in the City of London. This ground is now to be sold, as the adjoining land is to be used for the erection of a block of offices. The Church of St. Antholin, in Watling Street, was pulled down in 1874 to make way for the construction of Queen Victoria Street. The original church on this site was built in the middle of the fourteenth century.

PRESERVING ANCIENT MONUMENTS : Mr. Nigel Birch, the Minister of Works [(left), and Mr. Basil Spence, the vice-president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, examine examples of old beams before and after treatment for damage caused by beetle and decay. These are some of the exhibits in the exhibition illustrating the preservation of ancient monuments and historic buildings in the care of the Ministry of Works at the Royal Institute of British Architects in London. The exhibition had been opened by Mr. Birch and the woodwork to which he is giving his attention comes from Cleeve Abbey, in Somerset. *On left*—In the glass in the foreground are old and modern masons' tools. Next to them on the table are a model gravity grouting machine and, behind, a wall anchor from Great Yarmouth. In the frames are examples of brickwork, and, beyond, a panel showing Rievaulx Abbey, in Yorkshire. Later the exhibition will tour the country.

THE NEW DIESEL ON BRITISH RAILWAYS : Driver Edward Martin is at the controls of the Deltic Diesel-electric locomotive after its arrival at Euston Station, London. It had made its first journey in passenger service by pulling the Merseyside express from Liverpool. The Deltic is a product of the English Electric Company. It is said to be the world's most powerful single-unit Diesel-electric locomotive. Weighing 106 tons it is powered by two Napier engines which can together develop 3,300 h.p. These engines are 18-cylinder two-stroke designs, which are proving extremely versatile. Already they have been used with success in motor torpedo boats. The locomotive can reach speeds of 90 m.p.h. It has undergone exhaustive tests with freight trains before being put into passenger service.

THE DELTIC AT EUSTON : A large crowd has gathered to inspect the Diesel-electric locomotive after its arrival at the London terminus with the Merseyside express. The Deltic is so named because its cylinders are in the form of an equilateral triangle.

THE "BEST PUPIL" AT A NAVAL AIR SCHOOL : Sub-Lieutenant C. A. Shorter, R.N.V.R., is presented with the "Best Pupil" prize by Rear-Admiral A. R. Pedder, R.N., at H.M.S. *Sea Hawk*, the Royal Navy's school for training Fleet Air Arm observers. The school is at Culdrose, in Cornwall. Sub-Lieutenant Shorter won the award for being the best all-round pupil on his course, which lasted nine months. General abilities as well as academic prowess were taken into account. The prizewinner's home is at Gosbeck, near Ipswich. He entered the Fleet Air Arm as a National Serviceman in 1954, having come down from Cambridge, where he read classics and was captain of the Boxing Club. Admiral Pedder is Flag-Officer, Heavy Squadron, Home Fleet.

On right—

PRIZEWINNERS AT CRANWELL : Senior Under-Officer M. J. Griffiths (on the right) shows the Sword of Honour which he was awarded at this month's passing-out parade at the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell to Senior Under-Officer G. C. Hubbard. Mr. Hubbard, who comes from New Zealand, won the Queen's Medal. Mr. Griffiths' home is in Banstead. The reviewing officer at the parade was Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, K.C.B., K.B.E.

MAORI CEREMONY AT PLYMOUTH : The Hon. Clifton Webb, the New Zealand High Commissioner in London, is welcomed aboard H.M.N.Z. cruiser *Bellona* at Plymouth by a Maori member of the crew. The Maoris in the crew performed a "Haka" dance of greeting for him. The *Bellona's* ship's company are transferring to the cruiser *Royalist*, at present being reconstructed and modernised in Great Britain.

THE NEW APPROACH TO THE FERRY OVER THE FIRTH OF FORTH : Work is nearing completion at North Queensferry to the new road leading to the ferry over the Firth of Forth. The approach will cut off a blind corner on the main highway to the ferry and will greatly speed the flow of traffic arriving from the north to cross the water. North Queensferry stands on the northern bank of the Firth and is overshadowed by the giant structure of the Forth railway bridge. It is the terminus of the ferry service of diesel-electric boats.

"HENRY V."

A New Production of the Play by Shakespeare is at the Old Vic in London

Until the current production opened, audiences at the Old Vic had not seen *Henry V* for five years. In a strong company the name-part is played by Richard Burton, who has recently had considerable success in making films in Hollywood. It is not the first time he has acted Henry V. He has previously had the part at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford. Others in the cast include Jack Gwillim, John Neville, Richard Wordsworth, Gerald Cross, Rachel Roberts and Zena Walker.

There is little scope in the play for experimental settings, and Audrey Cruddas has designed an attractive but not startling decor with some gorgeously splendid costumes. Michael Benthall is the director, and music has been specially composed by Frederick Marshall, who is the musical director at the theatre.

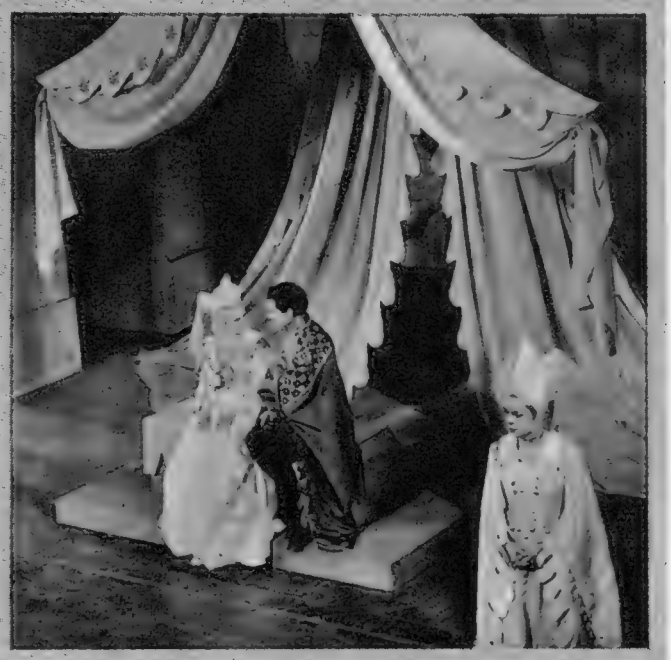
THE KING AND HIS COURT: In *Henry V* at the Old Vic the King (Richard Burton), sitting on the throne, listens to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Harold Kasket). With him is the Bishop of Ely (John Woodvine). Standing at the back of the throne on the right is Exeter (Jack Gwillim).

On left—

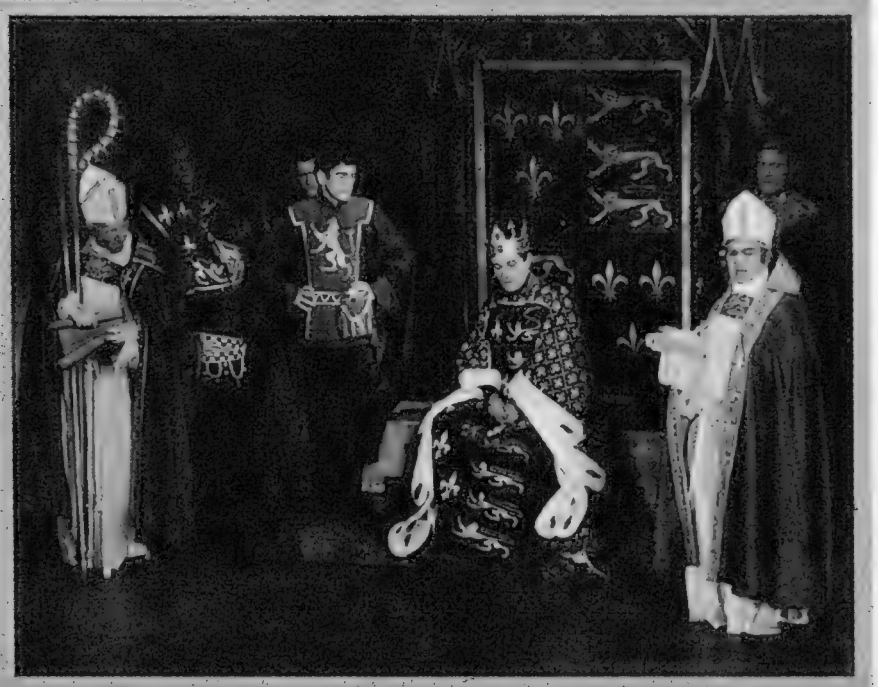
"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH": On the field of Agincourt Henry V (Richard Burton) makes the famous speech, which is also one of the best-known in the whole of Shakespeare.

On right—

THE WOOING OF KATHARINE: Henry courts Princess Katharine of France (Zena Walker) in the last act of the play which opened at the Old Vic last week. Right is Alice (Rachel Roberts).



ON THE EVE OF AGINCOURT: The Dauphin (John Wood) is on the left. On the horse is the Duc de Bourbon (Harold Kasket). This production of *Henry V* is the first at the Old Vic for five years. Decor is by Audrey Cruddas.



THE RIGHT TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE: The Archbishop of Canterbury (on right) expounds to Henry his title to the French throne. The direction is by Michael Benthall and special music has been composed by Frederick Marshall.

A NEW CUNARDER LAUNCHED BY PRINCESS MARGARET

The Third of Four New 22,000-ton Liners for the Cunard Line's Canadian Service is Named the "Carinthia"

A SHIP GOES DOWN TO THE SEA : Despite high winds and driving rain, the launch of the *Carinthia* at John Brown's shipyard on Clydeside went off perfectly. The tugs in mid-river had no difficulty in bringing her under control.

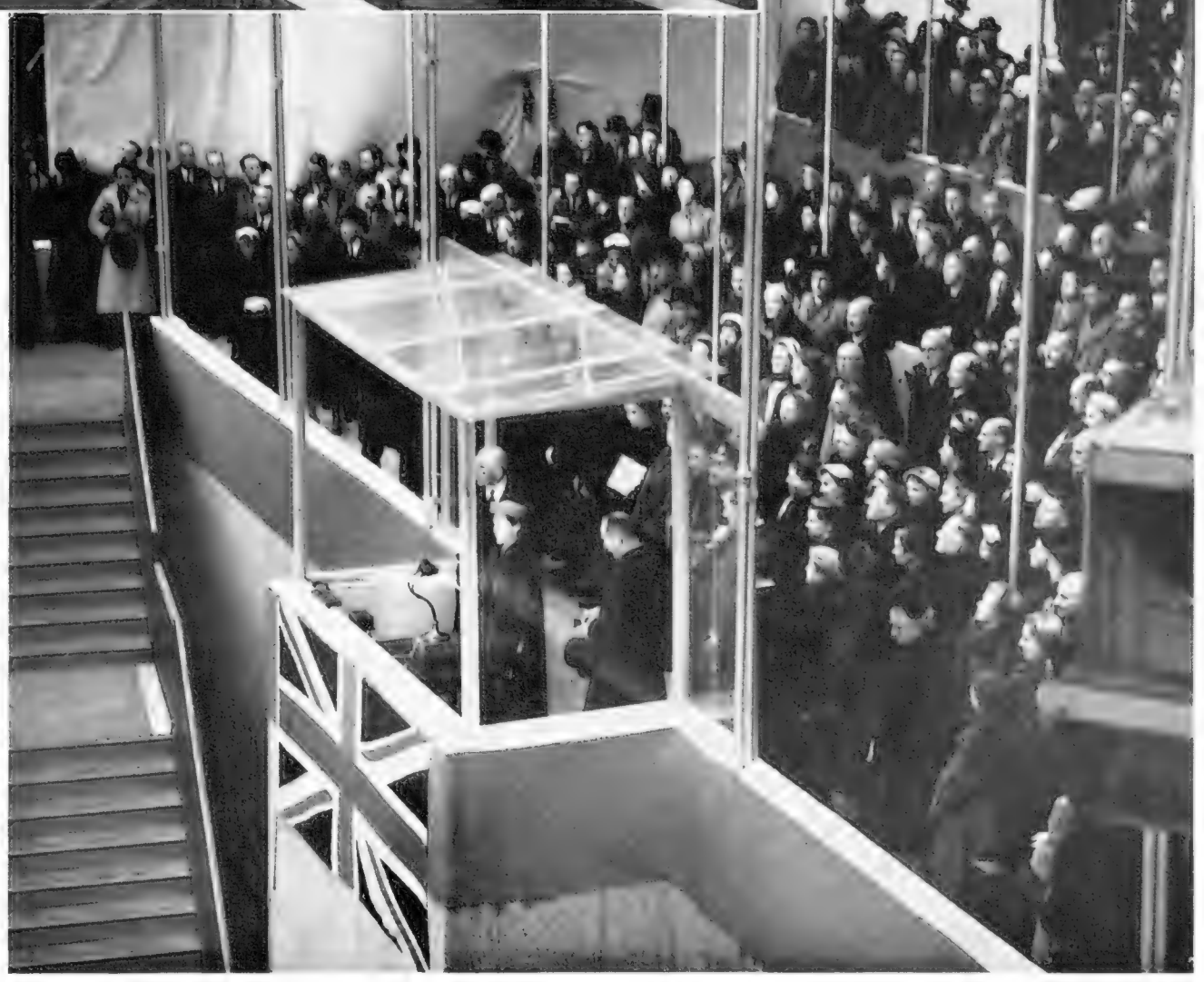
A WAVE AND A SMILE FOR 20,000 ONLOOKERS : Princess Margaret laughs as she shelters from the rain underneath an umbrella and acknowledges the applause of the spectators. The Princess was not dismayed by the bad weather and insisted on inspecting the preparations for the launch.

At luncheon after the launch, Princess Margaret referred to the "true value" of such great ships as the *Carinthia*, being in their ability to link our Commonwealth closer to the Mother Country, and in particular to assure constant contact with Canada, "that land of boundless opportunity and ever-increasing influence." She added that it was only in this widest sense of "intercommunication" that one could justly appreciate the purpose of this launch. The Princess, showing great interest throughout the ceremony, made a detailed inspection of the preparations before ascending the platform to launch the vessel.

Although the *Carinthia* has the same outward characteristics as her sister-ships, namely, the gracefully curved stem, cruiser stern and large domed funnel, her interior will be entirely different in layout and decoration. The note will not be one of contemporary patterns and effects, but rather of a deliberate return to older designs. The intention is to "recreate the past in terms of the present by using modern methods of construction to interpret some of the gems of historical interior design and decoration." However, there will be no "slavish imitation" of old favourites. Lord Aberconway, Chairman of John Brown and Co., Ltd., said that following experience gained in the *Saxonia* and *Ivernia*, there will also be a soda-fountain in the tourist class designed for the "younger set."

On right—

PRINCESS MARGARET PREPARES TO LAUNCH THE "CARINTHIA" : From a specially-constructed stand Her Royal Highness names the new Cunard liner before sending her down the slipway. Lord Aberconway, chairman of John Brown and Company Limited, was also on the platform with the Princess.



A MOUNTAIN SWEEP IN CYPRUS

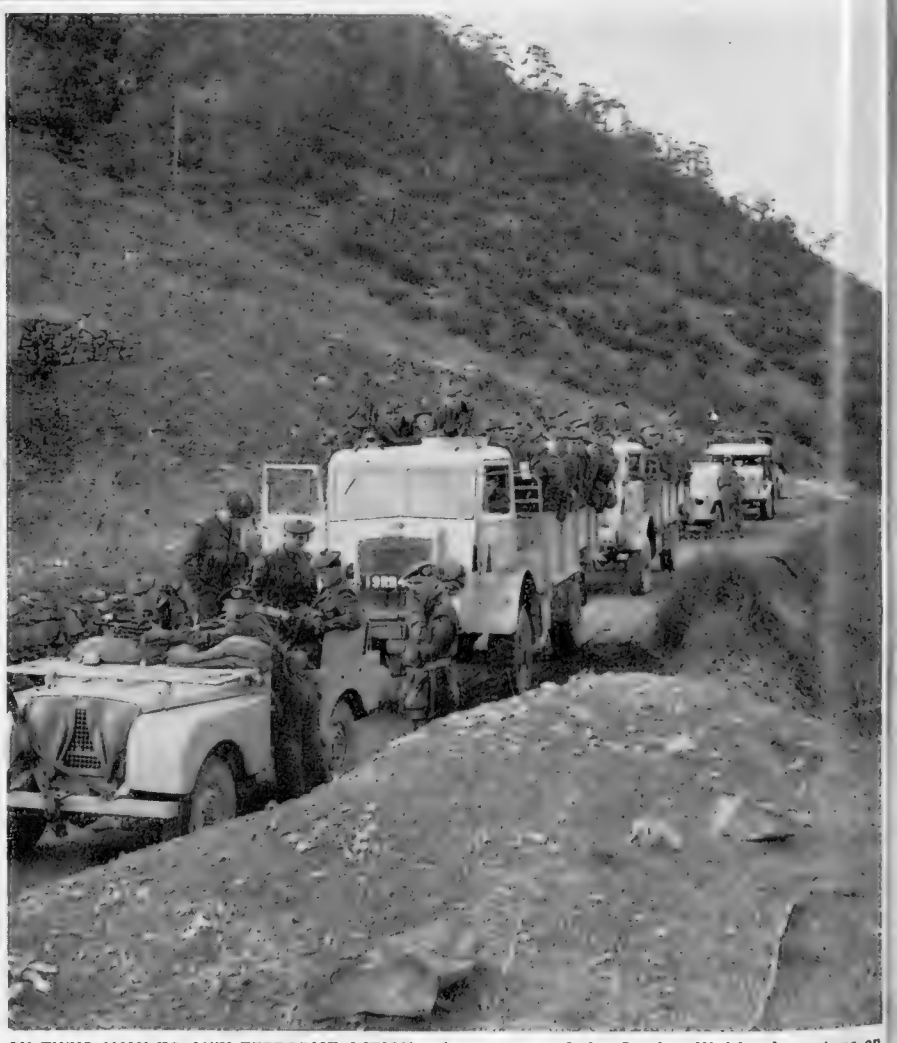
British Soldiers and Commandos Rout Out Terrorists and their Arms Dumps in the Interior

WATCH OVER A CYPRIOT VILLAGE : Two soldiers of the Gordon Highlanders, one armed with a Bren gun, stand guard on a height overlooking a village in the Troodos Mountains while their comrades make a house-to-house search. A number of armed men were captured during this sweep by soldiers and Royal Marine Commandos.

NO ONE IS OVERLOOKED : A personal search is made of a villager in a lonely mountain hamlet in the interior of Cyprus while his friends, who have already undergone the search, look on. It was an amicable procedure.

Cyprus has always been a considerable attraction to tourists, and last week it was the turn of British troops to see something of the mountainous beauty of the island's interior. In the Troodos Mountains, some sixty miles to the north of Nicosia, No. 45 Marine Commando and two companies of the Gordon Highlanders conducted a sweep for terrorists and their weapons. The action was taken after a series of incidents in the area, and the troops were well rewarded for their patient house-to-house search of the lonely villages. In several places automatic weapons, high explosives, military equipment and terrorist propaganda were found, and a number of persons suspected of being terrorists or carrying weapons were arrested. Among the terrorists caught in the net of the British troops was a cousin of Archbishop Makarios, who was killed, and a brother of the anti-British Bishop of Kyrenia, who was wounded.

EVEN THE VEGETABLES ARE SUSPECT : A car on a mountain road has been stopped, and the contents are searched. While a soldier sifts through the vegetables in the basket of a passenger, the occupants of the car are required to show their papers.



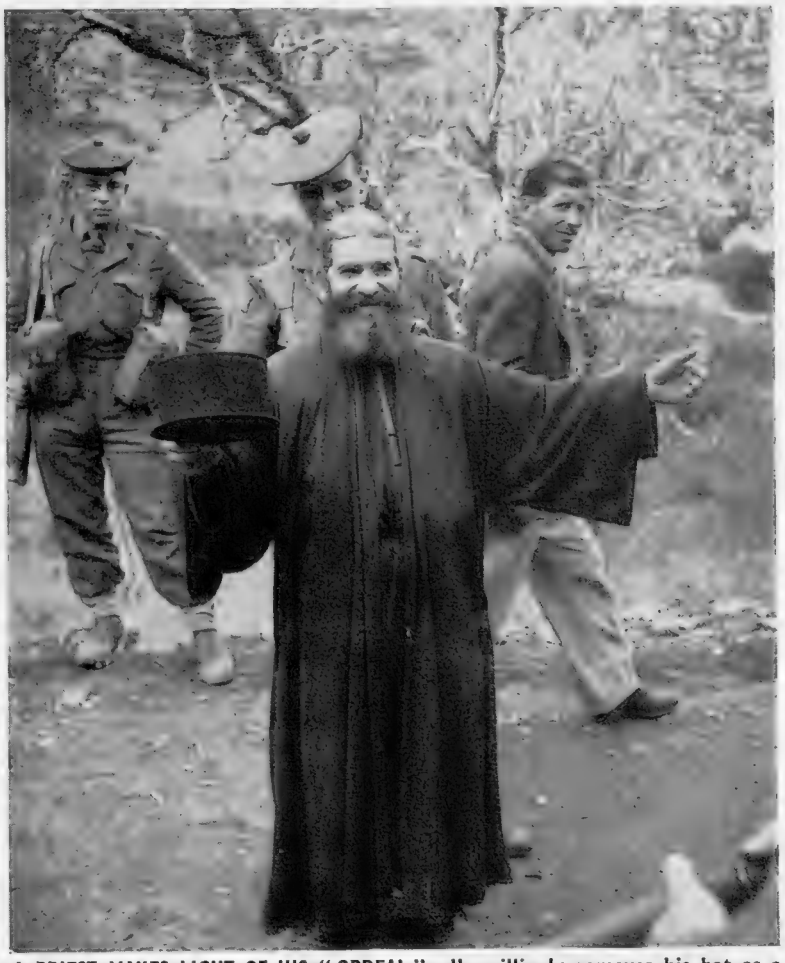
ON THEIR WAY TO ANTI-TERRORIST ACTION : A company of the Gordon Highlanders stops on a road leading to an isolated mountain village. During the sweep through these lonely parts of Cyprus, arms and explosives, believed to have been a terrorist cache, were found.

A COUNTRY OF VINEYARDS AND OLIVE GROVES : This is the attractive landscape so inviting to tourists. Hitherto the local population has been comparatively immune from raids by troops and police, but a series of ambushes in the area caused this detailed search of houses and individuals. Many arrests were made by the troops.

On left—

THE DAY OF THE LONG KNIVES : British Commandos and a policeman examine the ugly-looking knives which were found during the search of one of the villages in the Troodos Mountains. Other items discovered during the search included automatic weapons, maps, and terrorist leaflets.

WAITING TO BE QUESTIONED : Men and youths are held back by barbed wire while British troops search their homes in the village of Kyperounda. Later they were questioned. It was in this village that a Sten gun and a tommy gun were found in the garden of the village constable.



A PRIEST MAKES LIGHT OF HIS "ORDEAL" : He willingly removes his hat as a Gordon Highlander makes a quick search of his person. During the Troodos sweep a priest was arrested when he was found to be carrying explosives.

SHIPWRECK OFF THE BANFFSHIRE COAST—THE MORNING AFTER : At the foot of the cliffs towering above Melrose Bay, Gardenstown, lies the Belgian trawler *Beatrix-Fernande* after it had run on the rocks in a heavy gale. Three of the crew of eight who stayed aboard were rescued by breeches buoy ; two others who jumped overboard reached the shore safely. One man who jumped overboard was drowned, and the remaining two, the skipper and his mate, were still missing twenty-four hours after the shipwreck. The *Beatrix-Fernande*, which comes from Ostend, sent out a distress signal when it got into difficulties in rough seas off the Banffshire coast. Soon after this the ship's lifeboat was washed overboard as the trawler went aground. Five of the crew then tried to get ashore on rafts, but when these broke apart in the fury of the seas they had to swim back to the ship. The lifeboat at Whitehills put out when the trawler sent her first distress signal, but the heavy seas prevented her from getting close to the stricken vessel for over six hours. Another Belgian trawler stood by, and the Scottish Home Office fishery cruiser *Freya*, which was 35 miles away, also answered the call.

TRAWLER ON THE ROCKS

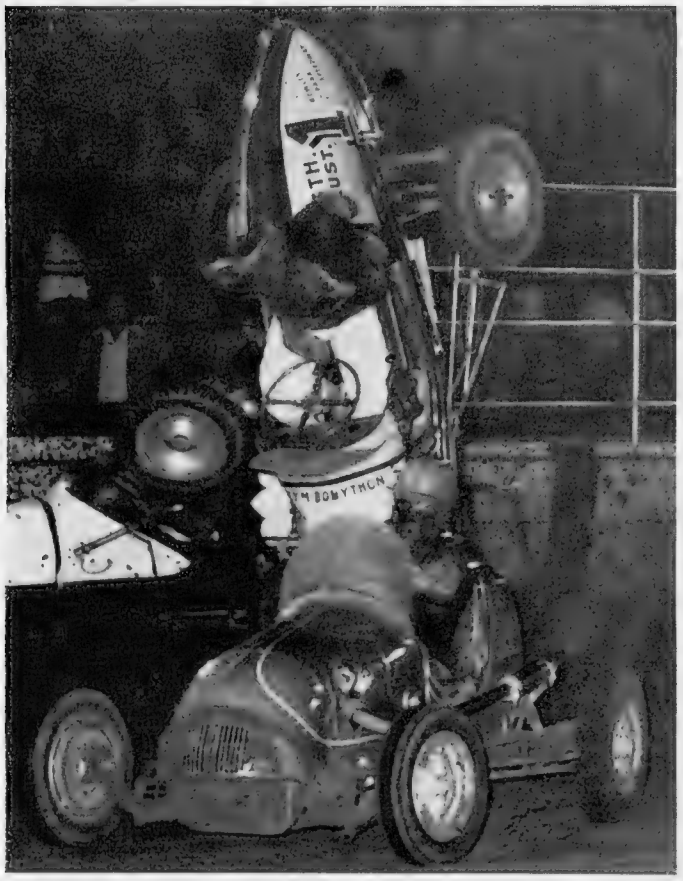
One Man Lost His Life and Two were Missing when a Belgian Trawler Ran Aground in a Gale Off the Banffshire Coast

On right—

RESCUE COMES TO THREE OF THE CREW : In the bows of the Belgian trawler they secure the line for the breeches buoy.

RACING AND CRAWLING

Stirling Moss Races in Nassau; a Mishap and a Great Traffic Hold-up in Australia; Looking Ahead to Monte Carlo; and the Debut of the "Motorbox"

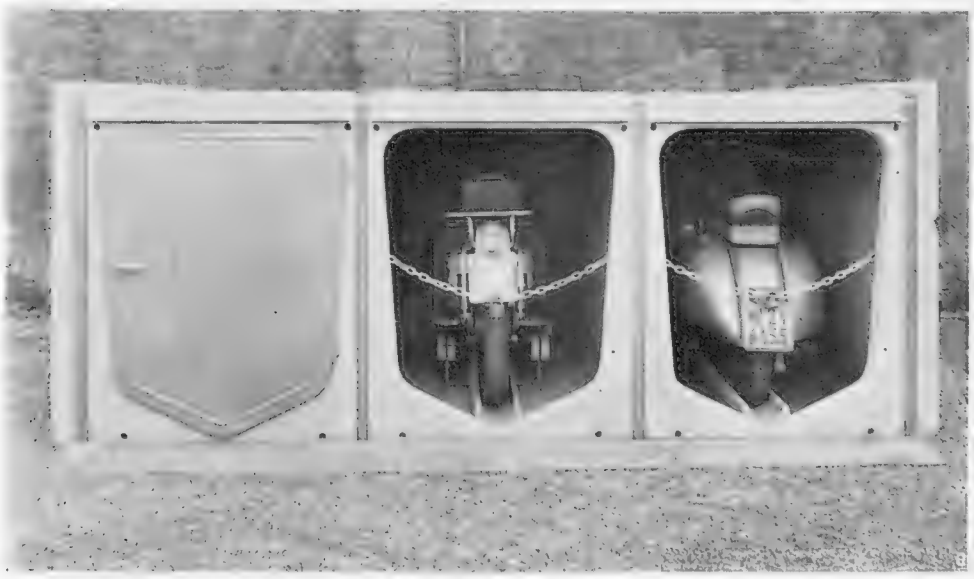


A NARROW ESCAPE AT ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA: Driver-promoter Kym Bonython (top) throws up his hands to protect his face and head as his racing car somersaults close to the fence during a speedway meeting at Rowley Park, Adelaide. The front wheels were torn off and the petrol tank was punctured as the car crashed. Bonython, grandson of the late Sir Langdon Bonython, an Australian newspaper proprietor, suffered only bad bruising and a cut nose.

STIRLING MOSS IN NASSAU: He waves from the Austin-Healey driven by Lady Greta Oakes as they lead the 100-car parade which preceded Nassau's three-day sports car meeting. They are followed by a 1914 Woods Mobilette which was taking part in the parade only. Moss gained sixth place in a production car race at Nassau, but was unplaced in the main race for the Governor's trophy. This was won for the second successive year by Marquis Alfonso de Portago, of Spain, in a 3-litre Ferrari. He won at an average speed of 92·397 m.p.h. in 1 hour 8 mins. 11 secs. Another Ferrari, driven by P. Hill (United States), was second. S. Johnston, also of the U.S.A., was third in a Jaguar.

TRAFFIC JAMS IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, AS THE RESULT OF A ONE-DAY STRIKE BY BUS AND TRAM DRIVERS: Endless lines of traffic stream along William Street, one of the approaches to the city, during the 24-hour strike, when tram and bus drivers stopped work in protest against the introduction of single-deck buses operated by one man. On this one-day strike, which dislocated Sydney's traffic, the city's 500,000 workers travelled to work by car, lorry, train, "hitch-hiking" or walking. The strike was called when men who had refused to run the single-deck buses were suspended by the New South Wales Department of Government Transport, which had been trying to extend the one-man buses in the face of opposition from the union.

SKIDDING TO MONTE CARLO: Some of the motorists who are taking part in next month's Monte Carlo Rally practise skid-turns at Harringay Ice Rink, to gain experience for the mountain road conditions which they will face on the Continent. In this picture, taken during one of the rounds, Tom Wisdom's car is seen on the left and Pat Moss's car is on the right. Cars started in pairs at one end of the arena and were required to drive in a series of figure-eights round four posts, finishing at the end of the arena from which they started. Pat Moss, twenty-year-old sister of Stirling, won the special award for the best performance. The Monte Carlo Rally starts on January 15.



On left—

MILAN EXPERIMENTS WITH THE "MOTORBOX": This new form of garage, devised by Professor Ferrario, of Milan, has been brought into experimental service by one of the city's business houses. It provides safe garaging in the minimum of space for the many employees of the firm who use motor-cycles and scooters for their journeys to and from their homes. The "Motorbox" is 4 ft. 1½ ins. high and costs £35.

THE BIG SIX GET BIGGER

It Seems as if Yet Another Small, Independent British Car Firm is to be Absorbed by One of the Big Motoring Groups; Oil Companies and Britain's Service Stations; and News of Motor Racing, the A.A., and Air Ferries

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

YET another of the small, independent British car firms is—bar accidents—being taken over by a bigger company. This time it is Singer Motors, whose name goes back to the early days of motoring.

Subject to approval at a meeting of Singer stockholders next week, this old firm is being absorbed by the Rootes Group, which has already taken the Hillman, Humber and Sunbeam organisations under its enterprising wing. Other offers have been considered, but it will be surprising if the Singer Organisation does not before long become part of the Rootes "empire."

I do not think there is any immediate danger of the name Singer dropping out of Britain's car catalogue. I should imagine the Hunter range will continue more or less unchanged for the time being, though Sir William Rootes is bound, sooner or later, to introduce into Singer design as many units as possible that are already in production for other models built by the Group.

One by one the smaller British car firms are being squeezed out by the Big Six (for I still regard Austin and Nuffield as being separate). It is almost inevitable, I suppose, in these days of quantity production, automation and rationalisation. With wages and material costs going up all the time, it is only by building in quantity that British car firms can keep their production costs low enough to enable them to compete in the export markets.

That is where the smaller, independent companies feel the pinch, and purchase tax has not helped them.

Specialist firms like A.C., Jensen, Frazer-Nash and Morgan are putting up a splendid fight. So are a number of independent firms with bigger financial resources: companies like Armstrong Siddeley, Daimler and Bristol. All these concerns build excellent cars of a distinctive character, but contemplation of the future in the board-rooms of some of them must produce a variety of headaches.

Two firms whose production has dwindled during the last few years are Allard (run by that great rally driver, Sydney Allard) and Alvis, who have just decided not to go into production with a saloon car of revolutionary design planned by Mr. Alec Issigonis, who has consequently rejoined the Nuffield Organisation. It takes a great deal of money to tool-up for a new model, and the smaller firms in particular have to think long and hard before embarking on what nowadays amounts to a major commercial adventure.

The oil companies are obviously paying a lot of attention just now to the question of service stations on the motor roads we may expect some day. Mr. C. T. Brunner, a director of Shell-Mex and B.P., and a former president of the Institute of Transport, referred to the matter the other day at a national conference on "Changing Britain," organised by the Town and Country Planning Association.

He spoke of the need for a system of "service enclaves"—horrible word!—spaced at suitable intervals along the new motorways and incorporating cafés-restaurants, rest rooms and lavatories, in addition to refuelling and servicing facilities. Two qualities of restaurant and rest-room might be needed, he said. What Mr. Brunner apparently had in mind was first-class establishments for tourists and others who look for the highest standards of comfort and service; and second-class, less expensive places for transport drivers and everyday motorists whose needs are not so exacting as when they are on holiday.

I am glad that people like Mr. Brunner are studying this important matter. Motorists in Britain are still suffering from the haphazard development of garages and filling stations which began when the horseless carriage first arrived on the scene and blacksmiths, coachbuilders and even the proprietors of village stores erected petrol pumps outside their premises.

Our filling stations are improving and, though I hope always to be on the side of the little man, I think we must admit that the big oil companies, infected by American ideas of sales and service, have been largely responsible for this. But the average filling station in this country still leaves much to be desired. Many close at a ridiculously early hour and remain shut on Sundays, busiest motoring day of the week.

So I was glad to hear that Mr. Brunner stated at that Town Planning conference: "On trunk and Class I roads, except in the more remote areas, service stations should give a seven-day service of not less than twelve hours daily. Some should stay open all night."

So Stirling Moss has decided to drive for Maserati. The very best of luck to him! He thought very deeply before signing as No. 1 driver for the Italian firm. He dearly wanted to drive British. But though the Vanwall, B.R.M. and Connaught collectively show more promise for British Grand Prix success than this country has enjoyed for many years, he frankly did not think, after careful tests, that either *marque* has been developed sufficiently to give him a real chance of winning the world championship next year.

It was a difficult decision to make, and although I would have liked to see Stirling drive British, come what may, he is in motor racing to make money and, with the pick of the world's best racing cars at his disposal, he naturally wanted to link up with a team that has a real chance of success.

If Stirling wins the world championship next year—in the 1955 season he was runner-up to Juan Fangio, his senior in the triumphant Mercedes team—he will be the first Briton ever to do so. It would bring great prestige to Britain. And who can deny that Stirling stands a better chance of winning that crown in the seat of a Maserati than in either of the British *marques*?

It was natural that Stirling did not want to drive No. 2 to Fangio in any team next season. His form in 1955 showed him to be at least as good as the brilliant Argentinian, and it will be interesting to see what happens when these two magnificent drivers clash next year: Moss in a Maserati and Fangio in a Ferrari.

Stirling, away in the Bahamas for the sports-car racing at Nassau, could not attend the annual dinner of the British Racing Drivers' Club to collect his two trophies—the Club's Gold Star (awarded annually to the most successful British driver) and the Seaman Trophy (for the British driver most successful in foreign races). But Mr. Alfred Moss, Stirling's father, was there to collect—with justifiable paternal pride—these two tributes to his son's skill and courage. It is the fifth year since 1949 that Stirling has won the coveted Gold Star, which carries with it the title of British champion.

Some well-merited things were said at the B.R.D.C. party about the fine service rendered to the Club by Mr. Desmond Scannell, who is leaving its employ after acting as secretary for many years. Scannell has done much for motor support and he will be missed. His place is being taken by Mr. John Eason-Gibson, who brings to the job a rich blend of experience in motor racing, journalism and administration.

AWARDS FOR RACING MOTORISTS: Earl Howe presents the John Cobb Memorial Trophy for all-British successes to British racing driver Mike Hawthorn at the British Racing Drivers' Club annual dinner in London. Hawthorn received the trophy for his successes in the Le Mans twenty-four-hour race and the Sebring twelve-hour race when he was at the wheel of a Jaguar. It was at the same dinner that Mr. Alfred Moss received on behalf of his son, Stirling, the Seaman Trophy (formerly the Wakefield Trophy) and the B.R.D.C.'s Gold Star.

Quite a big reorganisation has just taken place at the A.A. on the administrative side. It became essential because of the continuing increase in Association membership, which now exceeds 1,700,000. It is, indeed, the world's biggest motoring organisation.

The A.A. secretary, Mr. K. L. Kelly, as executive head of the Association, now has two deputies: Mr. H. A. Evans (Controller of Establishment) and Mr. Cecil Orr (Director of Public Relations). To both of these gentlemen, hearty congratulations!

Mr. Orr, by the very nature of his duties, is perhaps better known in the world of motoring than Mr. Evans, and his new appointment will give many people a lot of pleasure. Behind the scenes he has made an enormous contribution to the success of the A.A., whose membership has increased by 1,400,000 since the end of the war; and as an important member of a lively team of A.A. executives, he has planned wisely, agitated vigorously and worked energetically in the interests of rank-and-file motorists.

It's going to cost you more to take your car over to France by air. I say this on the authority of Mr. Eoin Mekie, chairman of Silver City Airways. He explains that last March all airline operators who work to International Air Transport Association agreements increased their fares by 15 per cent. Silver City did not put theirs up because nearly a half of the total available space on their 1955 ferry services had by that time been sold. An increase, says Mr. Mekie, would have been unfair to passengers.

Operating costs have climbed so steeply since then that the 1955 fares proved quite uneconomic, and it has been decided to increase them by about 15 per cent.

In the twelve months up to the end of September 1955, Silver City carried 56,153 vehicles. That was an increase of 32 per cent. on the previous year. See how the figure has risen over the years: 1948, 170 vehicles; 1951, 12,124; 1954, 42,507. Up to the end of September the Silver City ferry had carried a total of 167,655 vehicles and 449,359 passengers.

"RADAR SPEED CHECK IN OPERATION": A warning notice issued by the Buckinghamshire Constabulary draws attention to the special check on speeds which is being made in the Transport Ministry's "guinea-pig" town. The notice is at the junction of the A4 road and Upton Court Road. This American-style radar experiment by the police is to continue at least until the end of the year.

THE POLICE CHECK THE SPEEDS OF CARS AS THEY PASS THROUGH SLOUGH: A police constable steps into the road as he is warned of the approach of a car travelling at speed. The car will be stopped and the driver told that he is considered to be driving at an excessive speed for the area. He will also be told that the stopping of his car forms part of a safety-first experiment and that no action will be taken. The speed of the car is recorded by radar over a measured distance. The experiments, which form part of Slough's large-scale Safety First Campaign, are being carried out by the Buckinghamshire Constabulary under the direction of the Chief Constable, Brigadier J. N. Cheney. Other safety-first experiments by the police include brake-testing and headlamp alignment. These are made with the permission of the motorist whose car, having been stopped by a police patrol, is directed to an accommodation road appointed for the purpose.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

WITH NOTEBOOK AND CAMERA

Travel Books ; Biography ; Theatrical Reminiscences ; Short Stories and Novels for Holiday Reading

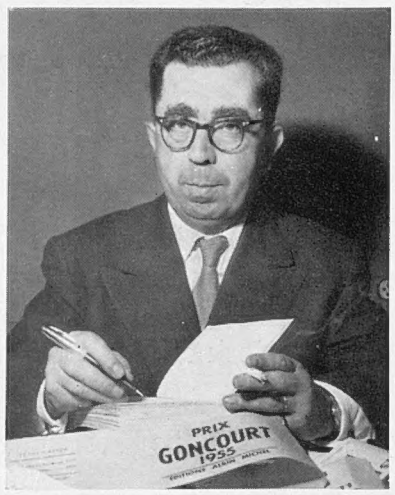
I DON'T know how broadening travel is, but it certainly does lead to a great deal of writing. Where travellers once took guns they now take notebooks and, generally, a highly efficient camera. The results, of course, are greatly to the benefit of stay-at-homes, who can at least say that there is one trend in the world to-day that is wholly benign. THE LAND OF SHERPAS (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.) is the first of this week's books in this genre, being Miss Ella Maillart's findings after a journey to the farthest corner of Nepal, which she undertook as soon as possible after the country opened its frontiers in 1949. The section of nearly eighty photographs, most of them the author's, is magnificent, and the rest of the book is in the form of an essay on the country that has produced, among other charmers, Sherpa Tensing.

DAUGHTERS OF CHANGING JAPAN (Gollancz. 15s.) is by Mr. E. H. Cressy, who was a part-author of that admirable study of Chinese home life, *Daughter of Confucius*, and in the present volume has written about present-day Japanese girls and women, the "*après guerre* girls," as they are called there. Six or more of them helped Mr. Cressy with his book by giving him their autobiographies, and between the author and his young collaborators we are given a clear and intelligent picture of the revolt, timid as it is, against the old rules of austerity and Emperor-worship.

When Mr. Walmesley Charlton set out with his companion on a journey through Sicily, Italy, Andorra and France they had £40 apiece and were travelling too light to include cameras in their haversacks. Which is a pity, because TRAVELLING HOPEFULLY (Hollis and Carter. 16s.) would have been even brighter reading if it could have been illustrated, by what used to be called snapshots in pre-Leica days, of these intrepid eighteen-year-olds who were determined "to discover the traditional spirit of travel."

MY HOST MICHEL (Faber. 15s.) is Mr. J. A. Cole's book of experiences in post-war Germany, Michel (surprisingly to the uninitiated) being the traditional national figure, as John Bull is to England. Mr. Cole writes of a country he knows well, and his observations are as keen as they are personal and unconventional.

WINGATE OF THE SUDAN (John Murray. 21s.) was nearly ninety-two when he died the year before last ; he had known Gordon and had said good-bye to him in Cairo when the General left on his last journey to Khartoum. His personal history is as closely connected as a man's may be with the forty years of history in Egypt and the Sudan, which saw the British occupation, the tragedy of Gordon, the abandonment of the Sudan, its re-conquest and its remaking, for which General Sir Reginald Wingate was chiefly responsible, up to the war of 1914-18 and the Arab Revolt. His son, Sir Ronald Wingate, has written this study of "the Sirdar's" life and times, and has shown the reader a picture of a great administrator and soldier.



THE PRIX GONCOURT IS AWARDED TO ROGER IKOR : He receives this annual French literary award for his novel, *Les Eaux Mêlées*, which is the second volume of a larger novel called *Les Fils d'Avrom*. It is the story of two generations of a refugee Russian Jewish family who settled in France. M. Ikor is forty-three and is himself the son of immigrants from Russia. He is now a Paris schoolmaster. During the war he served as an infantry officer and was the organiser of a Resistance group in a German prisoner-of-war camp.

Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope is a theatrical historian and publicist, with a special interest in Drury Lane, and his new collection of theatrical memoirs and historical anecdotes, PILLARS OF DRURY LANE (Hutchinson. 21s.), can consequently be said to be written with all the authority of knowledge. Enthusiasm, a zest for the life of the theatre, past and present, and a real love of his subject all stand Mr. Macqueen-Pope in good stead here and help to make the book as lively as it is uneven. For instance, although the first night of Noël Coward's *Cavalcade* at Drury Lane was one of the most triumphant and moving openings that many of us will ever see, the only mention of the play is in the line : "Noël Coward had produced *Cavalcade* in association with Sir Charles B. Cochran," while among the illustrations the only references to the playwright are two photographs of his *Pacific 1860*, which he would be the first to admit was a moderate flop.

Two American novels bring their individual touches of spice to the list. AUNTIE MAME (Frederick Muller. 12s. 6d.) is described as an irreverent escapade, and so it is : a young man's description of some of the things his ever-loving aunt got up to in a career that included most of the known high jinks and a few new ones. Mr. Patrick Dennis writes with great gusto, and although nothing will shake my long devotion to Mr. Dane Chandos's aunt, *Abbie*, this is a pretty funny relation too.

THE FORTUNE FINDERS (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is about the Nebraska gold rush of 1903 or, at least, that is the background to Mr. Jacquin Sanders' variations on the theme of the Western. Gun fights, gambling sheriffs and saloons. Even Indians make up the muster of incident and action, but since Mr. Sanders has practically no respect for tradition, this is like no other Western story that you have ever read ; outrageous, violent, but compellingly readable.

And now for two books of short stories and one volume containing, in its compact but unabridged way, no fewer than three books. First, Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's WINTER IN THE AIR (Chatto and Windus. 13s. 6d.), with its eighteen tales of love and despair, boredom and exaltation, schoolboys, courtesans, parsons' wives and old servants. The range is wide enough to include the macabre and the eccentric, as well as the author's interpretations of the everyday, and there is a poignancy in the title-story which I shall remember for a long, long time.

MEN WITHOUT BONES (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) includes no fewer than twenty-two stories by Mr. Gerald Kersh, all of them showing some spark of his remarkable vitality, though some of them are only a few pages long and some seem to fall short of the writer's intention and lie uneasily between two manners. At his best, and with his own gift of controlled force and directness, he is really good, whether he is writing about ghosts or twins or, as in a story I greatly enjoyed, a fabulous Fido.

THE TRAVEL BOOKS OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (Heinemann. 15s.) contain *On a Chinese Screen*, *The Gentleman in the Parlour* and *Don Fernando*, and one can scarcely feel that it is a coincidence that this splendid trio have reappeared in time for Christmas. In a new preface, Mr. Maugham tells the reader something about the circumstances of his writing them. The first, which he says is not a book "but the material for a book," and which he had enjoyed writing ; the second, "not the result of an accident," but because the author has thought it "very well for a novelist now and then to give himself a rest from writing fiction" ; and the third, a tribute to the great fascination of Spain, for "it is not a gross exaggeration to say that nearly anyone who has been there any length of time, and can wield a pen or pound a typewriter, has found himself impelled to write a book about it."

There seems to be some connection between the season of good will and ghosts, and certainly one hears and reads more about them at this time of the year than at any other. Sir Shane Leslie's GHOST BOOK (Hollis and Carter. 12s. 6d.) is the newest addition to the literature on the subject, and its stories are just as frightening and inexplicable as they should be, and to amateurs of such thrills, just as satisfying.

THE KAT STRIKES (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is one of the gayest books about sudden death and throats cut from ear to ear that I can remember reading. Its insouciant heroine, titled, beautiful and a good deal braver than most lions, knows some extra good tricks in unarmed combat, and is unable to keep her delightful nose out of any of the other characters' business, all of which adds up to a lively thriller and high marks to Miss Nancy Spain, who promises readers that the Kat will strike again. In which case, all I can say is : "Kum on, Kat !"

This week's two detective stories are far from being thrillers, though they are competent and clever in a less sensational way. By coincidence, each of them scores most heavily for an original background, one being the office of a publishing firm in New York that specialises in illustrated books for children, and the other, the bleak fells of Yorkshire and the lonely farms of the region roughly to the north and west of Catterick. DEAD INDEED (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is by Miss M. R. Hodgkin, who evidently knows a great deal about the executive and practical side of the American publishing scene, from galley proofs to literary parties, and from cranky contributors to bland best-sellers. The murders here are ingeniously planned, but, I thought, without the required heightening of the story's tension.

RIGGING THE EVIDENCE (Collins. 10s. 6d.), by Carol Carnac, is set in a peaceful, not to say an isolated, district of Swaledale, where a brother and sister are working a small farm with sporadic help from their half-brother. On the morning when he disappears a disreputable Londoner is discovered murdered and mutilated by one of the rare trains. The pace increases with the start of a man hunt across the bare hills and valleys. Though there is nothing about the plot to make the hair stand up on your head, it is well worked out and, as I say, the country atmosphere is created with real feeling.

MASTER SPY

The War-time Story of a Communist Agent

A man who could submerge his fanatical belief in Communism behind an impeccable façade of Nazi determination and patriotism, and who could operate far from home, beset on all sides by skilled and calculating enemies, must be an astonishing fellow. Such a one was Richard Sorge, whose double-edged mission it was to secure the destruction of Germany and a victory that would allow Russia to dominate Europe, if not the world. His place of operation was Tokyo. There this cynical adventurer with a high zest for living wove his web and cast his spells, and made even armies change direction at his order. Hans-Otto Meissner tells the story of Sorge, or as much of it as he can unravel, in his excellent book, THE MAN WITH THREE FACES (Evans Bros. 12s. 6d.). Charming, cynical and utterly ruthless, Sorge influenced the course of history for nine years. For his masters at the Kremlin he pulled off coup after coup. Six weeks before the Germans launched their panzers along the road to Moscow, Sorge had predicted their advance. He was only two days out ; but the Kremlin this time had miscalculated. They left some of the best-equipped Soviet units on the Siberian border, in the mistaken belief that Japan would not refuse the opportunity of striking simultaneously with the Germans. Even so, Sorge's advice was invaluable, and it may well be that by that one message alone he saved his country from destruction. Dr. Hans-Otto Meissner, as Second Secretary at the German Embassy in Tokyo, knew Sorge well. The picture he presents of this man in the centre of his spy ring is fascinating.

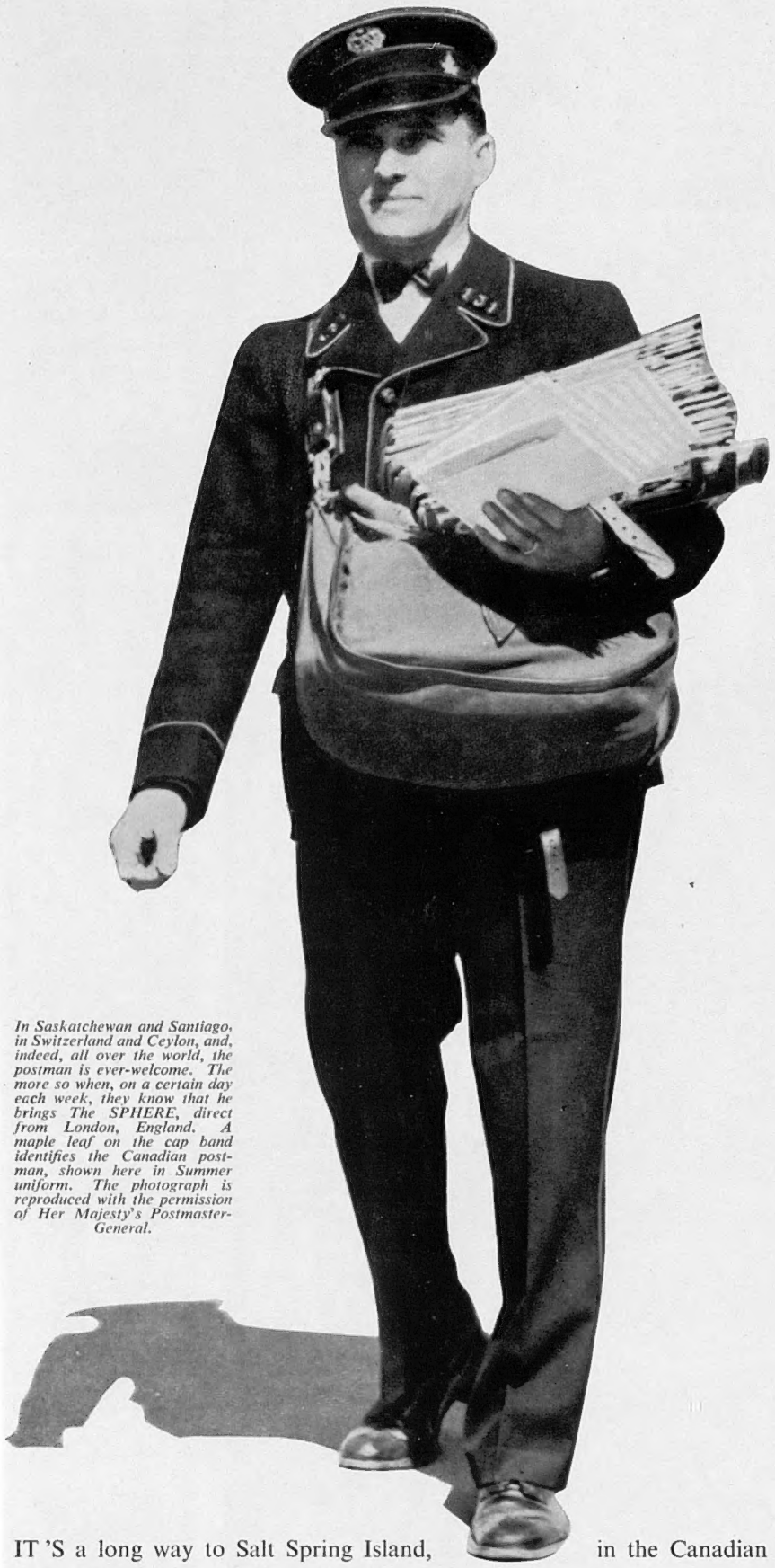
Anthony Heckstall Smith does something more than give us a neatly appropriate title in his account of SACRED COWES (Allan Wingate. 15s.). He conjures up a lost world of privilege, the days when Court presentations, Ascot, Henley, Lord's and Goodwood followed in due succession and the season ended as the last rocket spent itself in the sky of an August night at Cowes. Then and only then did the social top stop spinning. To-day all those great gatherings have another sort of significance. The sacerdotal touch is absent. At Ascot the emphasis has changed, at Lord's lounge suits are sometimes seen, and at Cowes the little boats compete for the great prizes. *Sacred Cowes* is packed with stories of the great, the famous and the notorious. It is a nostalgic book, dealing with a day and age preceding the Second World War. The Kaiser, Alfonso of Spain, and Tommy Lipton (the boating grocer) all have a part in this fascinating narrative written by a yachtsman born at neighbouring Ryde, on the edge of the Solent and reared in the world of yachts.

You need either a prodigious but well-concealed sense of humour or almost complete insensitivity to get along well in the Army, not least the Guards. Alan Roland tried it. He was out of work and hungry at the time, and, like many another man, was attracted by the recruiting poster on the wall, offering good food, travel, ample leave, good pay. Roland joined the Grenadiers and in his generous slice of autobiography GUARDSMAN (Museum Press. 12s. 6d.) he tells us all about it. He succeeds admirably, even in the midst of his unconcealed hilarity, to show where the virtues of Army life truly lie. He was a good soldier, if not entirely conventional, and the result of this is a really delightful book.

Harley Granville Barker is one of the enigmas of the modern theatre. "Altogether the most distinguished and incomparably the most cultivated person whom circumstance has driven into the theatre of his time," wrote Bernard Shaw. But this man of rare promise, who gained such an army of adherents in the theatre, and sought to make it such a power in England as it had never been before, retreated almost as resolutely as he had advanced. In his biography, HARLEY GRANVILLE BARKER (Rockliff. 30s.), C. B. Purdom examines with critical insight Barker's achievement as actor, producer and writer, giving special attention to his plays and to his years in America. Numerous letters, many of them by Barker himself, are printed for the first time, and there are others, showing interchanges between him and such illustrious men of the theatre as Barrie, Shaw, Masefield] and Gielgud.

Louise Dickinson Rich, who has given us some delightful books on the backwoods of Maine, now goes back in time to her own childhood in the little New England town of Bridgewater. INNOCENCE UNDER THE ELMS (Robert Hale. 15s.) is a quiet book, full of the atmosphere of an old Massachusetts town where the author's father—master printer, editor and publisher—ran the *Independent* and his delightful family ran wild. *Innocence Under the Elms* will make new friends for talented Louise Dickinson Rich.

Thumbnail sketches and personality profiles are novelties only in name. In the seventeenth century character writings were highly popular. Isobel Bowman has produced a neat collection of them in her book THEATRE OF NATURES (Geoffrey Bles. 15s.), which is admirably illustrated by Laurence Irving. The contributors are many and varied, among them Sir Thomas Overbury, Nicholas Breton, Samuel Butler and John Earle, and they present to us characters who, despite the changing background of the times, seem remarkably akin to the people of our own day.



In Saskatchewan and Santiago, in Switzerland and Ceylon, and, indeed, all over the world, the postman is ever-welcome. The more so when, on a certain day each week, they know that he brings The SPHERE, direct from London, England. A maple leaf on the cap band identifies the Canadian postman, shown here in Summer uniform. The photograph is reproduced with the permission of Her Majesty's Postmaster-General.

IT 'S a long way to Salt Spring Island, in the Canadian Province of British Columbia; probably, to those who have roots in Britain still, the postmark *London, England,* will bring a surge of pleasure and anticipation. For who *wouldn't* look forward to the mail from "home" in any faraway place? And who *could* be more appreciative of a publication like The SPHERE every week? To send it to a relative or friend as a birthday gift or to celebrate a personal anniversary costs you as little as **£3 . 1 . 3!** (for 6 months) And it 's so very easy! The Publishing Office of The SPHERE does the work for you—addressing, wrapping, stamping, posting, for this all-inclusive cost. Subscription rates are detailed below. Your regular bookstall or newsagent will welcome your enquiries; alternatively, just write direct to The Publisher at the address given below.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

HAVE YOU PLANNED YOUR NEXT YEAR'S HOLIDAY YÉT? "What, with Christmas not yet over?" On the face of it, a reasonable enough query, but on the other hand, I can assure you from past experience that inquiries concerning spring, summer, autumn and even Christmas begin pouring in almost as soon as the New Year dawns.

If you have children of school age, it is most advisable that you lose no time in arranging the school holidays. If your children are *not* of school age, do contrive to take them away outside the peak of the holiday rush; there is everything in your favour! Lower tariffs, usually better weather, no crowds and, therefore, more individual service. The problem of staggering holidays is largely in the hands of those who need not choose the rush period.

Take the Isle of Wight, for example: in May and June there are first-class hotels of varying sizes who would be delighted to welcome you in these months. The Medehamstede Hotel, for instance, at Shanklin, owned and run by Mr. and Mrs. Crawley for over thirty years as a family holiday hotel, attracts a happy blending of youth and maturity. Its position is excellent, away from the traffic turmoil and but a minute's walk from that hydrangea-covered cliff face which is such a feature of this sun-blessed resort. Hard by the little harbour at Bembridge is The Royal Spithead Hotel. The name sounds rather grandiose and expensive, but really it is neither, for Charles Selwyn and his wife, who own and run it, argue quite properly that Bembridge is the place for a family holiday; so good cooking, comfort and a friendly character come before chromium plate and thick carpets, which children and dogs would quickly ruin.

How richly endowed this island is for holidaymaking; sandy beaches, sailing, safe swimming, sunshine and scenery. May and June is the selective season at lower prices, and, of course, the same remarks apply to other parts of Britain. Bear these earlier months in mind if you seek a better holiday at less cost.

While penning this, I broke off to talk with Mr. E. M. C. Grose, of Thurlestone, in South Devon, whose family started to put this delectable spot on the holiday map over fifty years ago. They have done an enormous amount in trying to adapt holiday needs to family means. Next year they are going all out to fill their two hotels, the hundred-bedroomed Thurlestone and the fifty-bedroomed Links Hotel, for the months of May and June by providing full service and amenities at an attractively reduced rate. Inclusive terms will naturally depend on the accommodation required, but whatever it is I am pretty sure of it being good value, with golf, tennis, bathing, riding and, if the weather is inclement, squash and badminton indoors, on regulation covered courts. Thurlestone and its neighbourhood was surely designed by nature for holiday pleasure; Salcombe, Bolt Head and Hope Cove are in the near vicinity, while for longer car runs the Dart and Dartmoor are inviting prospects.

For those who have a preference for the North Devon coast, Woolacombe immediately suggests itself. Three miles and more of clean firm sands, safe and exhilarating surfing, and at The Beach Hotel "20 per cent. more personal service at 20 per cent. less cost to the visitor in May and June," as Mr. and Mrs. Clack have put it. Apart from lighter and possibly sunnier days, to get £1 worth of value for every 16s. is something worth considering.

The same argument for early or late holidays applies to those contemplating a motor tour. The countryside is fresher; there is not the same need to adhere to a fixed programme by prior hotel reservations, and again there is better choice of accommodation, and at more favourable rates.

I do not want, nor am I going to attempt, to usurp the functions of the motoring organisations in supplying detailed itineraries, but what I will do gladly is to suggest an *outline* for a motoring holiday, including the hotels I can personally recommend from recent experience.

In this connection, do consider a motoring tour in Ireland. It is always a delightful experience. The roads are now for the most part excellent, even in Connemara, and except for the stray donkey, the munching cow and an occasional cattle truck, one has the roads largely to oneself.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195–198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL

offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort; 150 rooms with radio, central heating, iced water, and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital. For Reservations write S. O'Sullivan. Tel.: 46881.

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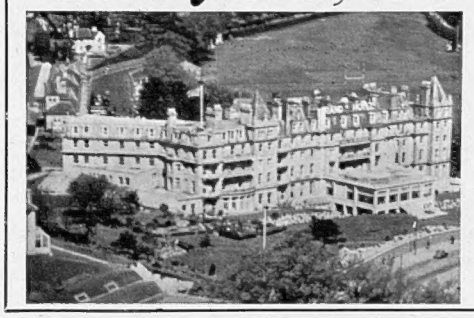

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A Kodachrome photograph.

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Here in the choir of Norwich Cathedral is displayed the fine work of devoted craftsmen of bygone centuries. The nave itself presents the most magnificent vista of pure Norman building to be seen in England, whilst the wonderful stone roof with its 328 painted bosses and the magnificently carved choir stalls, both date back to the 15th century.

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